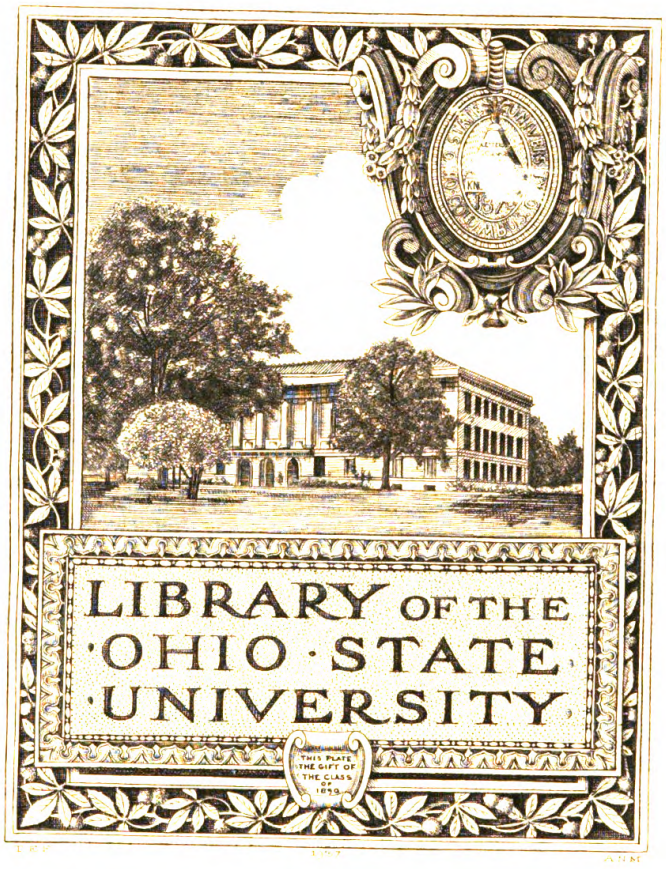
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III. HEFT.

THE

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S

ANTONIE.

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION

BY

ALICE LUCE
BOSTON, MASS. U. S. A.

WEIMAR.
VERLAG VON EMIL FELBER.
1897.

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PART I.

§ 1. Life of Lady Pembroke.

The importance of Lady Pembroke's *Antonie* in the literary history of the sixteenth century, and the influence which it exercised upon a small circle of poets can best be made clear after a brief consideration of her life, of her position in a circle which included some of the most brilliant minds of the age, and of her literary work aside from *Antonie*.

Prolonged search in all available sources has yielded little that throws new light upon the long-dimmed story of Mary Sidney, afterwards Countess of Pembroke. Although evidently the friend of so many, she has left no letters of any value to a biographer. In all the Sidney literature, there is no record in personal letters of her devoted friendship with her brother Philip, or of that keen sympathy with his literary tastes to which we owe the Arcadia.

Mary Sidney's father was Sir Henry Sidney,[1]) born of

[1]) The Pedigree of Sir Philip Sidney, Compiled by Robert Cooke,

an ancient though not noble family, one of the chief gentlemen of the bed-chamber to King Edward, and later Lord President of Wales and of Ireland. Her mother,[1]) one of the daughters of the Duke of Northumberland, seems to have added to the talents of the Dudleys, the high moral and religious principle to which few of that gifted but unprincipled family could lay claim.

No record[2]) can as yet be found of the date and place of Mary Sidney's birth. There was probably but a few years difference between her age and that of her brother Philip (1554), who was the oldest of the seven children. As Sir Henry Sidney seems to have been living in retirement at Penshurst about this time, it is probable that she was born there.

Her earliest childhood was spent at Penshurst, and later, when her father, in 1560, was appointed Lord President of Wales, at Ludlow Castle. During these years, the gifted brother and sister laid the foundation of that devoted attachment which has since been so often celebrated in verse.[3]) Sir Henry Sidney was often absent for long

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Clarenceux King of Arms. Copied from the Original Roll in the possession of Alexander Nesbitt, London, 1869.

For the life of Sir Henry Sidney see: —

State Papers, Domestic Series. Elizabeth, Vol. 159, 1.

Brewer and Bullen's Calendar, pp. 334—360.

Collins' Letters and Memorials of State, London, 1746. Vol. I.

Holinshed's Chronicle (ed. 1586) 3. pp. 1548—1554.

[1]) For the life of Lady Sidney see: —

Holinshed's Chronicle 3. p. 1553.

Carew State Papers, 359.

Collins' Letters and Memorials of State, Vol. I, p. 66.

State Papers, Domestic Series. Eliz. 86. 33.

[2]) Through the kindness of the Hon. Mary Sidney, and of the Earl of Pembroke, the records at Penshurst and Wilton have been carefully searched, but to no purpose. The records of the Herald's College also give no clue as to her date.

[3]) For a picture of that life in Penshurst see: —

The Works of Ben Jonson, edited by Gifford, Vol. I. p. 680 sqq.

periods in Ireland, and although most solicitous [1]) for the welfare of his children, their training must have fallen largely to the care of their mother. Highly born, carefully trained in the polite learning of her time, her influence upon the character and subsequent career of her son and daughter can hardly be overestimated. Years after, Sir Philip Sidney, in the midst of his hopeless love for Stella wrote to his father: "I find [2]) my only light with my mother."

In these years Mary laid the foundation of that thorough scholarship [3]) which she afterwards showed in her literary work.

The first separation of the brother and sister came in 1564, when Philip was sent to Shrewsbury School. The next year, Sir Henry Sidney was appointed Lord Deputy

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[1]) See his letter to Philip Sidney while at Shrewsbury School, in Sidneiana, printed for the Roxburghe Club, 1837.

[2]) A. Collins, Letters and Memorials of State, London, 1746, Vol. I. p. 247.

[3]) Udall, in his preface to John, partly translated by Princess Mary, partly by Rev. F. Malet, D. D., gives an interesting picture of the education which women of rank received in that day.

"But nowe in this most gracious and blisseful tyme of knowledge, in whiche it hath pleased almightye God to revele and shewe abrode the lyght of his moste holye ghospell: what a numbre is there of noble women (especially here in this realme of Englande) yea and howe many in the years of tender vyrginitee, not only as well seen and as familiarlye trade in the Latine and Greeke tounges as in theyr owne mother language: but also both in all kindes of prophane litterature, and liberall artes, exactly studied and exercised and in the holy Scriptures and Theologie so ripe, that they are able aptely cunnyngly and with much grace eyther to indicate or translate into the vulgare toungue, for the publique instruction and edifying of the unlearned multitude — — — — — — It is nowe no newes in Englande to see young damisels in noble houses and in the Courtes of Princes, in stede of cardes and other instrumentes of idle trifleying, to have continually in their handes eyther Psalmes, Omelies and other devoute meditations, or elles Paules Epistles or some booke of holye Scripture matiers: and as familiarlye

of Ireland and removed thither with his family. The story of the following years, told in the letters of Sir Henry Sidney, gives a pathetic picture of a patriot keenly suffering under the ingratitude of his queen. When he returned, worn out in body, having spent his fortune in her service, her reward for the discharge of his difficult task was a proposal to raise him to the peerage. Lady Sidney's [1]) letter to Lord Burghley, begging that, owing to their poverty, this title may not be forced upon him, gives a touching picture of the hardships of the family.

These severe trials at home must have had great influence upon the yet unformed character of young Mary Sidney. That gentle sympathy with all poverty and suffering, which formed the crowning grace of her after-life, had perhaps been wanting but for this keen pressure of early trial.

In 1568, Lady Sidney celebrated Christmas at Hampton Court, and there Mary must have attracted the special notice of Elizabeth; for in 1575, in a letter [2]) of condolence to Sir Henry Sidney on the death of his daughter Ambrosia, the Queen adds: — "God hath left unto you the comfort of one daughter of very good hope, whom ..... if you will send her unto us before Easter ..... assure yourself that we will have a special care of her."

Of her life at court, history gives us no record, but we may fairly conclude that one whose beauty and learning were afterwards celebrated by some of the most famous men of her time, was not lost sight of even in that brilliant company.

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both to reade or reason therof in Greeke, Latine, Frenche, or Italian, as in Englishe."

[1]) State Paper Office Mss. May 2, 1572.
Domestic Series, Elizabeth, 86. 33.

[2]) State Paper Office Mss. Domestic Series, Elizabeth, Warrant Book. Vol. I. p. 83.

In 1576[1]) she was betrothed to Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Sir Henry Sidney in a letter[2]) dated Feb. 4, 1576, to the Earl of Leicester, who, owing to the poverty of the Sidneys, was obliged to furnish the marriage[3]) dowry, writes: —

"If he (God) and all the powers on earth would give me my choice of a husband for her, I would choose the Earl of Pembroke." Dec. 7, 1577, the Earl acknowledges the receipt[4]) of a thousand pounds, "part of the dowry of Mary now my wife," so the marriage must have taken place in this year, for in Dec. 1577, the Earl of Leicester was at Wilton, "Making[5]) merry with his nephew the Earl of Pembroke."

The following years[6]) were spent at Baynard Castle, in London, or at Ramsbury in Wiltshire, or at Wilton,[7]) the Earl of Pembroke's patrimonial estate. In these homes they exercised their munificence towards needy and unfortunate literati; perhaps even towards Shakspere himself who was soon to enter upon his stage career, and whose theatre, the Globe, was on the bank of the river opposite Baynard Castle.

Their first child William, third Earl of Pembroke, was

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[1]) There is no record in Nichols' Progresses of Elizabeth that Lady Pembroke accompanied the Queen upon a royal progress in 1575. as stated in the Dict. of Nat. Biography.

[2]) A. Collins, Letters and Memorials of State. Vol. I. p. 88.

[3]) Carew Mss. Letter of May 19, 1577.

[4]) Brit. Mus. Add. Mss. 15, 552.

[5]) State Papers Addenda, 1566—1579, p. 523.

[6]) This probable course of Lady Pembroke's life during some of these years, may be traced in the Letters of Lord Pembroke, Harleian Mss. (British Mus.) 6994, folio 82, 203; 6995, folio 8, 12, 41, 47; 6996, folio 60; 6997, folio 180.

[7]) For a description of the beauties of Wilton House in the days of Lady Pembroke, see Aubrey's Natural History of Wiltshire, London, 1847, p. 83.

born in 1580, and in the same year, Sir Philip Sidney, in disfavor at court for his opposition to the Queen's Spanish match, visited his sister at Wilton and Ivy Church, and there began his Arcadia. It is probable that their joint translation of the Psalms was also begun at this time. In 1584, her second son Philip, later Earl of Montgomery, was born, and a few years later a daughter Anne, who died young. In 1586, she lost within six months her father (5 May), mother (11 Aug.), and idolized brother Philip (17 Oct.). The years immediately following seem to have been devoted to literary work. In 1601 [1]) her husband died.

The Royal Progresses and State Mss. contain brief records of her occasional appearance at court during the following years, of her entertainment [2]) of the King and Queen at Wilton, in 1603, of the grant to her of Houghton Conquest, in 1615, by James I., of her illness and two years' [3]) stay at Spa, 1616—1617, of her death [4]) at Aldersgate St., London, Sept. 25, 1621, and of her burial in great pomp beside her husband, in Salisbury Church.

Very few of her manuscript letters have been preserved, though Osborne mentions having seen "incomparable letters of hers." Of her letter to the Lord Treasurer in behalf of her brother Robert, Rowland White writes, [5]) "I never read anything that could express an earnest desire like unto this." In Collier's Bibliographical and Critical Account vol. I. p. XXXI, there is an interesting letter [6])

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[1]) See Chamberlain's Letters, temp. Eliz. p. 100: —
"The Earl died a fortnight since leaving his lady as bare as he could, bestowing all on the young Earl, even to her jewels."

[2]) Nichols' Progresses of King James I. Vol. I, p. 254.

[3]) State Papers, Domestic Series, 1611—18, p. 427.

[4]) State Papers, Domestic Series, 1619—1623, pp. 298—299.

[5]) Sidney Papers, Letter of Jan. 14, 1597.

[6]) State Papers, Domestic Series, 1597. Letter of Aug. 16, on p. 489. According to Mr. Tyler, this letter helps to prove that the

from Lady Pembroke to Lord Burghley, referring to the proposed marriage of her son with his daughter Bridget. There are no letters at Wilton or Penshurst. Those in the British Museum [1]) add no facts of importance to her biography.

The most beautiful portrait of Lady Pembroke is that by Gheerardts at Penshurst, which has been very well reproduced in Jusserand's English Novel in the Time of Shakspere, and in Tyler's Sonnets. It much resembles the youthful portraits of Sir Philip Sidney. Prefixed to Triphook's version of the Psalms is an engraving by Simon Pass, 1618, representing her when no longer young, but with a face full of strength and character.

§ 2. Lady Pembroke in the Estimation of her Contemporaries.

The best biography of Lady Pembroke is to be read in the fifty odd volumes of Grosart's Edition of Elizabethan authors. These works of her contemporaries show her to us as the patroness of struggling talent, and the admired friend of some of the best minds of that day. In his Wits [2]) Trenchmour (1597) Nicholas Breton gives us a picture of the circle of which she was the centre, and of the home in which so many needy literati found help.

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sonnets of Shakspere, urging marriage upon his young friend, were written to William Herbert. Sonnets of Shakspere, ed. by Thomas Tyler, London, 1890.

[1]) They are the following:

Add. Mss. 15, 203, p. 151 and 152.

Add. Mss. 12, 503, p. 39.

Add. Mss. 12, 506, letter 221.

Bright Mss. 15, 232.

[2]) The Complete Works of Nicholas Breton, edited by A. Grosart, London, 1879, Vol. II, p. 18.

"It was my greatest happiness, that of this world I ever founde, to light into the courtlike home of a right worthy honorable Lady . . . . In her eye was the seate of pittie, in her hart the honour of vertue, and in her hand the bounty of discretion; to see her countenance the comfortlesse, argued a divine spirit, to hear her speak, which was never idle, prooved an oracle of wit, to beholde her presence, might speak of a miracle in nature; to be short, except Plato I knew no such philosopher . . . . . She doth all things as she did them not, and useth the world as she esteemed it not; Honour is her servant, Vertue is her love, Truth is her studie, and Meditation is her exercise; yet is she affable, with such curtesie as winnes honor in humilitie . . . . Her house beeing in a maner a kind of little Court, her Lorde in place of no meane commaund, her person no lesse then worthily and honourablie attended, as well with Gentlewomen of excellent spirits, as divers Gentlemen of fine cariage: . . . . a house richly garnished, honor kindly entertained, vertue highly esteemed, service well rewarded, and the poore blessedly relieved . . . . . Ever since . . . . if I (Breton) have come among men, it hath been like a Faire of rude people, compared to the sweet company of that house; if in the company of women, like a meeting of Gossips, in respect of the gracious spirits of the sweete creatures of that little paradice."

To her he dedicated "The Pilgrimage to Paradise,[1]) ioined with the Countess of Pembrooke's Love" (1592), to which he prefixed a letter to the gentlemen students and scholars of Oxford, declaring he had written this "only to show fourth her praise"; also "Auspicante Jehova, Maries Exercise" (1597); "The Ravisht Soule and Blessed Weeper" (1601), and "The[2]) Countess of Pembrook's Passion."

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[1]) Breton ed. Grosart Vol. 1, Pilgrimage to Paradise p. 4sqq. In the Dict. Nat. Biog. by a misprint quoted "coyned" etc.

[2]) First printed by Halliwell Phillips in a volume: "A Brief

Another poet, who, while yet young, had gained the notice of Lady Pembroke and been admitted to the charmed circle at Wilton, was Samuel Daniel. In his Defence of Rhyme, addressed to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we get a glimpse of his position from (probably) 1585 onward. In defending his love of rhyme, he thus acknowledges his obligations to his patron's mother:[1] — "Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honorable mother, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school."

In many of his poems,[2] he pays glowing homage to Lady Pembroke, and to her influence in the dedicatory sonnets and epistles prefixed to Sonnets[3] to Delia, Cleopatra,[4] and Civile Warres.[5]

John Davies of Hereford acknowledges his literary obligations to her and her family by declaring:[6] "I am not so much mine *owne* as *yours*." He celebrates her praise in two sonnets,[7] and again in the epistle dedicatory to his Muses Sacrifice,[8] and in his Worthy Persons,[9] he declares in an epigram: —

Description of the Ancient and Modern Mss. preserved in the Public Library, Plymouth". London, 1853. Later by a curious mistake it was attributed to Lady Pembroke's authorship, and highly praised by Dr. George Mac Donald in his Antiphon.

[1]) Samuel Daniel, Complete Works in verse and prose, ed. by A. Grosart, London, 1885. Memorial Introduction, XVI sqq.

[2]) The beautiful sonnet "To M. P." prefixed to the rare copy of "Delia", in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, has been proved by Grosart not to refer, as was long supposed, to Lady Pembroke.

Daniel, ed. Grosart, Vol. I. p. XVIII.

[3]) Daniel, ed. Grosart, Vol. I. p. 35.

[4]) Ib. Vol. III. p. 23.

[5]) Ib. Vol. II. p. 5.

[6]) Davies, ed. Grosart, Vol. I. p. 97.

[7]) Ib. Vol. II. p. 38—39.

[8]) Ib. Vol. II. p. 4.

[9]) Ib. Vol. II. p. 63.

"I am hee,
That (maugre Fate) was, is, and still will be,
The triton of your praise."

The malicious Gabriel Harvey also obtained her friendship, possibly as the friend of her brother and of Spenser. She is the gentlewoman who took his part, as he tells us, in his quarrel with Tho. Nashe, [1]) the date of which is fixed by his sonnet [2]) declaring her championship to be "the mightiest miracle of '93." She is extolled by Harvey through many pages of nauseous flattery. [3])

Another of her literary protégés was Abraham Fraunce, who has celebrated her praises in long-winded verse. To her he dedicated his Arcadian Rhetorik, [4]) the Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel, [5]) the Countess of Pembroke's Ivy-Church, [6]) with its third part, "Amyntas Dale (1592), [7]) where the glories of the "peareles Pembrokiana" are sung through many tedious pages, by "Your honors most affectionate A. Fraunce."

Thomas Moffat, another pensioner at Wilton, describes her as one "who never yet on meanest scholler frowned." [8])

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[1]) Lady Pembroke may possibly have espoused Harvey's cause in order to punish Nashe for his unauthorized publication of Astrophel, in 1591.

[2]) Harvey, ed. Grosart, Vol. I. p. 295—96.

[3]) Harvey, ed. Grosart, London, 1884, 85. Vol. I. pp. 276 sqq.; Vol. II. pp. 16, 263—4, 319, 320—27, 329.

[4]) Bodleian, Malone Collection, 514.

[5]) The Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel, ed. Grosart, London, 1870.

[6]) Brit. Mus. C. 34. c. 35.

[7]) Grosart's Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library. Vol. III. See also Koeppel in Anglia XI, 11 sqq.: "Englische Tassoübersetzungen" etc.

[8]) "The Silkwormes and their Flies": lively described in verse by T. M. London, 1599. . 75.

Thomas Howell also belonged to this circle, for in dedicating to her his poem Devises (1581) he declares it to have been written "at ydle times in your house." [1])

Thomas Watson dedicates to her his „Amintae Gaudia," London, 1592, in a long Latin eulogy, in which she is praised as the sister of Sidney, the patroness of poets, and a votary of the Muses.

Nathaniel Baxter, in the dedication of Ourania,[2]) extols her as one

> "Whom all the world admires
> For virtuous life, and prudent modesties.
> Rare are her gifts, full of Sydneian fires."

Robert Newton dedicates to her his Eusebia [3]), and Thomas Morley his Canzonets, [4]) to which he begs her to "vouchsafe her heavenly voice."

To her Spenser dedicated his Ruins of Time, [5]) "as to one whome it most speciallie concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge myselfe bounden by manie singular favours and great graces."

Even Shakspere may have come within the circle of her patronage, for the first folio of the plays is dedicated to her sons, "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," who had "prosequuted" the plays "and their author living with so much favor."

According to Mr. Tyler [6]), the first one hundred and twenty six of Shakspere's Sonnets are also dedicated to William Herbert.

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[1]) The Poems of Thomas Howell, ed. by Grosart, London, 1879, p. 165.

[2]) Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania, that is Endimion's Song and Tragedie, Containing all Philosophie, written by N. B. London, 1606.

[3]) The Countess of Montgomeries Eusebia, London, 1620.

[4]) Brit. Mus. Add. Mss. 23,625.

[5]) Spenser, ed. Grosart, Vol. III. p. 9.

[6]) Shakspere's Sonnets, ed. by Tho. Tyler, London, 1890, p. 5 ff.

Nor does she lack the praise of those who were not dependent on her bounty or suitors for her favour. Her beauty and intellect were celebrated by Rudyerd [1]) in the famous lines on her picture:

"Here, though the lustre of her youth be spent,
Are curious steps to see where beauty went,
And for the wonders in her mind that dwell,
It lyes not in the power of pens to tell.
But could she but bequeath them when she dyes.
She might enrich her sex by legacies."

If Mr. Tyler's theory be true that the "Mr. W. H." of Shakspere's sonnets is William Herbert, whom Davison [2]) calls a "noble son unto a peerless mother," then Shakspere has also praised Lady Pembroke's beauty in his third sonnet: —

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Gives back the lovely April of her prime."

Her resemblance to her brother, both in mental gifts and personal appearance, and the ideal friendship existing between the two, were often celebrated in verse. Thomas Nash, in dedicating to her the edition of Astrophel and Stella in 1591, says: "In thee . . . . the Laurel Garlande which thy Brother so bravely advanst on his lance is still kept green in the Temple of Pallas."

Drayton, in his Pandora,[3]) thus sings of the friendship between the two: —

[1]) Collier's Bibliographical and Critical Account vol. II. p. 147. Poems written by the Right honorable William Earl of Pembroke and Benjamin Rudier, Knight, London, 1660.

[2]) Francis Davison, A Poetical Rhapsodie, London, 1602, in the dedicatory Sonnet.

[3]) Eclogue 6, Pandora (Michael Drayton, ed. by J. P. Collier, Esq. Printed for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1856, p. 97 sqq.).

"Sister she sometime to that Shepard was,
Who yet for piping never had his peere,
Elphin that did all other swaines surpasse,
To whom she was of living things most dear,
And on his deathbed, by his latest will,
To her bequeath'd the secrets of his skill."

Henry Lok, in Extra Sonnets, [1]) thus compares her to Sidney: —

"Your name, your matche, your vertues, honour gaine,
But not the least, that pregnancie of spright,
Whereby you equall honor do attain,
To that extinguisht lamp of heavenly light,
Who now no doubt doth shine midst angels bright;
While your faire starre makes clear our darkened sky.
He Heaven's; Earth's comfort you are and delight,
Whose — more than mortall — gifts you do apply,
To serve their Giver and your guider's grace
Whose share in this my work hath greatest place."

Beautifully has this resemblance been sung by Spenser in the sonnet [2]) affixed to the Faery Queene and dedicated "To the right honorable and most vertuous Lady, the Countess of Pembroke:"

"Remembrance of that most Heroike Spirit,
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his brave vertues crownd with lasting baies,
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me most noble Lady to adore
His goodly image living evermore
In the divine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And native beauty deck with heavenlie grace."

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[1]) Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library, ed. by Grosart, Vol. II. p. 374.

[2]) Spenser, ed. Grosart. Vol. VIII. p. 336. Also again in Astrophel, Spenser, ed. Grosart, Vol. IV. p. 221, l. 211—214.

Her intellectual endowments were frequently and sometimes extravagantly praised. Meres [1]) calls her "learned Mary, the honorable Countess of Pembroke, the noble sister of Sir Philip Sidney . . . . . very liberal unto poets, besides she is herself a most delicate poet."

Fitzgeoffrey,[2]) in a Latin epigram, celebrates her as "Pallas et Euphrosyne, Calliope, atq: Venus."

Stradling,[3]) in another long Latin epigram, praises her gifts and talents, and Holland [4]) calls her "*Musarum Religionis & Doctrinae decus & praesidium.*"

Her books were praised by William Clarke,[5]) by Dr. Donne,[6]) by Daniel,[7]) and Churchyard [8]) declares: —

"She enjoys the wise Minerva's wit,
And sets to school our poets everywhere,
The Muses nine and all the Graces three,
In Pembroke's books and verses you shall see."

Barnabee Barnes, [9]) who belonged to the rare circle of Sidney's friends, celebrates her as the

"Pride of our English Ladies never match'te,
Great favorer of Phoebus and of spring,
In whom even Phoebus is most flourishing,
Muses chief comfort, of the muses hatch'te."

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[1]) Francis Meres, Wits Treasury, London, 1598, p. 284.

[2]) Occasional Issues of Unique or very rare Books, ed. by A. Grosart, Vol. 16. Introd. p. 18. liber III. pp. 107—8.

[3]) Sir John Stradling, Epigrammatum . . . Libri Quatuor, London, 1607.
Liber secundus, p. 68.

[4]) Henry Holland, Heroologia Anglica, London, 1620, Vol. III. p. 116.

[5]) Polimanteia, ed. Grosart, p. 45.

[6]) Complete poems of John Donne, ed. Grosart, Vol. II. p. 4.

[7]) Daniel, ed. Grosart, Vol. I. p. 255.
Vol. III. p. 26.

[8]) A Pleasant Conceite, by Tho. Churchyard.

[9]) Poems by Barnabee Barnes, ed. Grosart, p. 219.

Spenser, in "Colin Clout's come home again", sings of her as

"Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mind, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearles of Ind or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare." [1])

She is probably the Countess of ***, whose mind and character are praised by Ben Jonson, [2]) in his epigram in "Underwoods", but the epitaph so long attributed to him has been found in the manuscript [3]) poems of William Browne, a great favorite of the Earl of Pembroke, and there seems to be no doubt that it was written by him.[4]) From the difference in quality between the two stanzas, the epitaph has been thought to be the work of two different authors. But the same difference in quality occurs in Browne's long elegy [5]) on Lady Pembroke, where we find such doggerel as — —

"Let men forget
To count their ages from the Plague of Sweat,
From Eighty eight, the Powder Plot, or when
Men were afraid to talk of it again,
And in their numeration, be it said,
Thus old was I, when such a Teare was shed,
And when that other fell, a comet rose
And all the world took notice of my woes" —

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[1]) Colin Clout's come Home Againe, Spenser, ed. Grosart, Vol. IV. p. 52, l. 489—495.

[2]) The Works of Ben Jonson, ed. by Wm. Gifford, London, 1851, p. 711.

[3]) Brit. Mus. Lansdowne Mss. 777.

[4]) For arguments as to Browne's authorship see Notes and Queries, Series I. Vol. 3. p. 262, 207, 413, 455. Series V. Vol. 3. p. 226. In a recent article in the Academy 1896, II, 432, E. K. Chambers clinches the matter by his conclusive arguments.

[5]) The Poems of William Browne of Tavistock: ed. by Gordon Goodwin, London, 1894. Vol. II. p. 249, l. 17 sqq.; p. 253, l. 125 sqq.

occurring in the same poem with such beautiful lines as these: —

"Yet (could I choose) I would not any knewe
That thou wert lost but as a pearle of dewe,
Which in a gentle Evening mildly cold
Fallne in the Bosom of a Marigold,
Is in her golden leaves shut up all night,
And seen again when next we see the light."

But the most beautiful praise of Lady Pembroke will ever be the first verse of the epitaph: [1] —

"Underneath this sable Herse,
Lyes the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Faire and Learn'd, and good as she,
Tyme shall throw a dart at thee."

§ 3. The Reediting of the Arcadia.

Before passing to Lady Pembroke's original literary productions, let us consider the nature of her work in the revision of Sidney's Arcadia.

The first edition of the Arcadia made by William Ponsonby in 1590, without the consent and against the wishes [2] of Sidney's friends, so dissatisfied Lady Pembroke, that in 1593 a second edition appeared in folio form, reedited under her personal supervision. The nature of this supervision was stated in the publisher's preface as follows: —

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[1] Brit. Mus. Lansdowne Mss. 777.

[2] See: — Letter of Lord Brooke to Sir Francis Walsingham, urging that steps be taken to prevent the printing of the Arcadia, notice of such an intention having been given him by "one ponsonby, a booke bynder in poles churchyard." State Papers, letter endorsed Nov. 1586.

"The disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewith this worke not long since appeared to the common view, moved that noble Lady to whose Honour it was consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away of those spottes wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthely blemished. But as often repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some old part occasioneth the making of some new; so here her honorable labor begun in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done, guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what advise entered into, with what accesse it hath been passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be intreated not to define, which are unfurnisht of means to discerne, the rest it is hoped will favorably censure. But this they shall for their better satisfaction understand, that though they find not here what might be expected, they may find neverthelesse as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of Arcadia, and that no further than the Author's owne writings or known determinations could direct. . . . . But however it is, it is now by more than one interest The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, done as it was, for her, as it is, by her. Neither shall these paines bee the last [1]) (if no unexpected accident cut off her determination) which the everlasting love of her excellent brother will make her consecrate to his memory."

This preface has been the cause of many misstatements. The opening sentence has been interpreted to mean that much in the quarto has not been reprinted in the folio, [2]) and the subsequent sentences have been thought to

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[1]) This refers to Certaine Sonnets, Astrophel and Stella, and the Defence of Poetrie, which were added to the third edition, in 1598.

[2]) The Dict. of Nat. Biog. states that "She divided the work into five books instead of three, and rewrote certain portions."

prove that Lady Pembroke wrote certain portions of the Arcadia, [1]) although it is expressly stated that the additions were made "no further than the Author's owne writings or known determinations could direct."

A comparison [2]) of the quarto of 1590 [3]) with the folio of 1598, [4]) shows the changes which she made to have been of the following nature. [5]) The quarto has been enlarged by the addition of fifty seven pages of text in the third book, and by a fourth book of forty pages, and a fifth book likewise of forty pages. But it is expressly stated that

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[1]) See Hain Friswell, The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. With notes and introductory essay. London. 1867, in which the "Arcadian undergrowth due chiefly to Lady Pembroke" has been cleared away leaving a remarkable product.

[2]) At the time the following comparison was made, from the original editions in the British Museum, the author was in ignorance of the work of Dr. Oskar Sommer, to which her attention has since been called. The results vary but slightly from those of Dr. Sommer.

[3]) The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, London, 1590. Quarto, British Museum, C. 30. d. 22.

[4]) The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, London 1598, folio. Brit. Mus. C. 40. k. 5.

There is no copy of the edition of 1593 in the British Museum or in the Bodleian. There is a copy in the Britwell Library and also one in the Cambridge Univ. Library.

[5]) In the Catalogue of the Mss. of the University Library, Cambridge, Vol. III. p. 559, is a description of one of the Mss. of the Arcadia, showing in what condition the work was left by its Author: —

"The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, by Sir Philip Sidney. On 208 leaves, numbered, with about 48 lines in a page, dated 1584. The first edition was printed in 1590. This is an unfinished copy; blanks are left for most of the proper names in the latter part of the volume, those in the former part being inserted in a careful Italic hand. Most of the verses, and all the Eclogues, are omitted, spaces being left for the verses left out, and some of those inserted being written in a peculiarly ornate style of calligraphy. The arrangement is that of the first edition, excepting the division into chapters, which is omitted. The Ms. breaks off at fol. 350 *a*, line 30, 1st edition."

This is not an autograph Ms. The date is merely written in the margin. Its signature is K k. 1. 5.

what is added is Sidney's work, for at the close of the incomplete paragraph with which the quarto ends, "Wherat ashamed as never having done so much before in his life . . . . ." is written in the folio edition, p. 333: "How this combate ended . . . . is altogether unknown. What afterwards chaunced out of the author's owne writings and conceits has been supplied as followeth." Nor is there in the text thus supplied in the folio any marked difference of thought or style, to indicate that Lady Pembroke has substituted her own authorship for Sidney's.

This conclusion is still further confirmed by the changes made in that part of the folio which had already been printed in the quarto. A comparison of the two shows that except for some orthographical changes, possibly the work of the compositor, the prose text of the quarto is reprinted in the folio.

In the quarto there is a note by the overseer of the print, stating that the divisions into chapters and the summaries preceding them are his and not Sidney's. These divisions and summaries are omitted in the folio.

The principal changes have been made in the poetical parts. The note by the overseer of the print in the quarto states that he distributed the eclogues at the end of the various books. In the folio, the eclogues have been differently placed; sometimes others have been substituted in the folio for those of the quarto, and a number of new poems have been added in the folio.

The text of the poems common to the two editions is, except for the change of an occasional line or phrase, alike in quarto and folio. The most important change is in the dialogue in Book I where the name Thyrsis has been substituted in the folio for Lalus of the quarto, and where there are very considerable variations in the last stanzas. The correspondences and differences in the poetical parts of the two editions are in detail as follows: —

In Book I the poems agree in quarto and folio as far

as the dialogue in the first eclogues. Here the name Thyrsis has been substituted in the folio for Lalus of the quarto, and a number of changes made in the last stanzas of the dialogue. As these changes are the most extensive which Lady Pembroke has made in any part of the poetical text, they are here added in detail.

Quar. Let crowes pick out mine eyes which *saw too much.*
Fol. Which *too much saw.*
Quar. *If still her mind be such.*
Fol. *If she still hate loves law.*
Quar. My earthy moulde *will* melte in watrie teares.
Fol. My earthy moulde *doth* melte in watrie teares.
Quar. *So* doth my life within itselfe dissolve.
Fol. *Thus* doth my life within itselfe dissolve.
Quar. That I *am like a flower.*
Fol. That I *grow like the beast.*
Quar. New plucked from the place where it did breed.
Fol. Which beares the bit a weaker force did guide.
Quar. Life showing dead indeed.
Fol. Yet patient must abide.
Quar. Such force hath love above poore Nature's power.
Fol. Such weight it hath which once is full possest.
Quar. That I grow like a shade.
Fol. That I become a vision.
Quar. Which being nought seems somewhat to the eyen.
Fol. Which hath in others head his only being.
Quar. While that one body shine.
Fol. And lives in fancie seing.
Quar. Oh he is mard that is for others made.
Fol. O wretched state of man in selfe division.
Quar. Which thought doth marre my piping declaration.
Fol. O well thou sayest: a feeling declaration.
Quar. Thinking how it hath mard my shepheards trade.
Fol. Thy tongue hath made of Cupids deepe incision.
Quar. *Now my* hoarse voice doth faile this occupation.
Fol. *But now* hoarse voice doth faile this occupation.
Quar. Of singing *take to thee* the reputation.
Fol. Of singing *thou hast got* the reputation.
Quar. *Now friend* of mine: I yield to thy habilitie.
Fol. *Good Thyrsis* mine: I yield to thy habilitie.
Quar. My *soule* doth seeke another estimation.
Fol. My *heart* doth seeke another estimation.

The next prose paragraph and poem "As I my little flocke on Ister banke", quarto p. 90—93, occurs in folio Book III, p. 384—88. The prose paragraph and following dialogue between Geron and Histor, quarto p. 93—95, occurs folio Book III. p. 388—90. The poem, "Fortune, Nature, Love long have contended about me", is wanting in the quarto, but found in the folio p. 78. The remaining poems agree till the dialogue between Strephon and Klaius, quarto p. 95—97, which occurs folio Book II. p. 240—242. The last dialogue and the poem "A shepheard's tale no height of stile desires," folio p. 77—95, is wanting in the quarto.

In Book II. the poems are alike as far as the second eclogues, quarto 234—37, folio 215—19. Here the quarto has a dialogue between Nico and Darus, the folio a dialogue between Strephon and Klaius (already noted as found in quarto, Book I. p. 95). Then follow in the quarto another prose paragraph and a part of the whole folio dialogue between Strephon and Klaius. The prose paragraph is much shorter in the folio, but the dialogue is common to both. The Eclogues conclude in the quarto with another prose paragraph and a poem, "Philisides, words and an Echo." The folio also contains this poem "Philisides" etc. and five additional poems not found in the quarto, viz: A dialogue between Geron and Philisides, a dialogue between Geron and Mastix, and three poems, "My muse what ailes this ardour", "Reason tell me thy mind if there be reason", and "O sweet words, the delight of solitarinesse".

In Book III., the poems correspond until quarto p. 311, where space is left for the epitaph, which is supplied folio p. 294. The last poem, "Since to death is gone the shepherd", quarto p. 346—348, occurs folio Book IV. p. 427—430. The quarto ends on page 360 of the folio.

A statement in detail of all the variations of the two editions belongs to the text criticism of the Arcadia, and lies without the province of this investigation, which has only sought to show that Lady Pembroke's work, in re-

editing the Arcadia, consisted in a rearrangement of its poetical parts, in some few omissions and variations, and in additions made from Sidney's writings, and that there is no ground for claiming her independent authorship for any part of the work.

§ 4. Original Poems.

Of Lady Pembroke's original compositions, we have only two pastoral poems. We cannot believe that this list represents the entire creative activity of a woman whose gifts of mind were praised by some of the best spirits of her age. The poets [1]) of that day did not write for the general public, but for their own pleasure and that of their friends, and often had the greatest aversion to appearing in print. Probably much of her work [2]) has been lost, or was printed anonymously in some of the poetical miscellanies of that day, but the two poems known to be hers are too scanty a basis of comparison for proving her authorship of anonymous work.

Both poems are upon favorite themes of the Elizabethan pastoral, a lament for the death of Sidney and a eulogy of the Queen.

The elegy bears the title, "The Doleful Lay of Clorinda," [3]) from the name given by Spenser to the shepherdess who sings it. It was first published in Spenser's Astrophel, which appeared as an appendix to Colin Clout's Come Home

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[1]) G. Saintsbury, A History of Elizabethan Literature, London 1887, p. 2.

[2]) Harvey, in "Pierces Supererogation", says of her "And what if she can publish more works in a moneth than Nash hath published in his whole life; or the pregnantest of our inspired Heliconists can equall?" Harvey, ed. Grosart, Vol. II. p. 321.

[3]) The name of the warlike heroine in Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata. Spenser knew Tasso very well, cp. Koeppel in Anglia XI. p. 341 sqq.

Again in 1595. The poem bears no date, but Spenser's prefatory epistle is dated "From my house of Kilcolman, the 27 of December, 1591"; so the elegy probably belongs within the five years succeeding Sidney's death. Spenser introduces Lady Pembroke's poem as follows: — [1])

> "And first his sister that Clorinda hight,
> That gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
> And most resembling both in shape and spright
> Her brother deare, began this doleful lay,
> Which lest I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
> In sort as she it sung I will rehearse."

In spite of Spenser's praise, the "sweetness of the vearse" is hard to find. The elegy is unworthy of the subject, a tribute to the heart rather than to the head of the author, an evidence of her deep affection rather than of her poetical imagination. [2])

Astrea, a pastoral dialogue in praise of Elizabeth, was first published in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody in 1602, [3]) under the title: „A Dialogue between two shepheards, Thenot and Piers, in praise of Astrea, made by the excellent Lady, the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembrook, at the Queenes Maiesties being at her house at — Anno 15 —." There is no record of any such visit of the Queen at Wilton. Sir Rowland White, [4]) in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, Nonsuch, August 8, 1600, speaks of the Queen's intended progress into North Wiltshire. Possibly the poem was written in anticipation of the expected visit, and the date and place left blank to be filled in later.

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[1]) Spenser, ed. Grosart, Vol. IV. p. 221, ll. 211—214.

[2]) Bishop Coxe, Biographical History of Kent, makes an elaborate but fruitless comparison of this elegy with Milton's Lycidas, to show that the latter is an imitation of the former.

[3]) Also in edition of Poetical Rhapsody, 1611, p. 23, and later in Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. III. p. 529.

[4]) Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. III. p. 529.

Astrea is an example of that exaggerated flattery of Elizabeth, in which the poetry of the period abounds. The dialogue comprises ten stanzas of six lines each. In the first half of each stanza, Thenot extols some virtue of Astrea; in the second half, Piers declares that Thenot's praise is inadequate, and seeks to excel him. The last stanza concludes: —

> "Words from conceit doe onely rise.
> Above conceit her honour flies:
> But silence, naught can praise her."

The poem is inferior both in form and style to her other work.

§ 5. Translation of the Psalms.

The most important literary work of Lady Pembroke is to be found in her translations. The zeal in the pursuit of classical study, which characterized the age of Elizabeth, found its most natural outlet in translation. [1]) A translator of a classical poem was held to rank fully on the level of an original poet. Peele, in the Prologue to his *Honour of the Garter* (1593), speaks with enthusiasm of "our English Fraunce, a peerless sweet translator of our time," while he ranks Phaer, the translator of the Aeneid (1558), with the greatest names of the past.

One of the subjects, on which the new learning of the age delighted to exercise its skill, was the translation of parts of the Bible, especially of the Psalms. [2]) Perhaps the fashion of the day, more probably Sidney's great admiration [3]) for

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[1]) A. Ward, History of English Drama. Vol. I. p. 105.

[2]) Elizabeth translated a portion of the Psalms, and also a chorus from Seneca's Hercules. See Anglia Bd. 14, p. 346 sqq.

[3]) See, An Apologie for Poetrie, by Sir Philip Sidney, Arber's English Reprints, Birmingham, 1868, pp. 23—24.

the Psalms, led the brother and sister to begin a joint translation of the Psalter, probably in 1580, during Sidney's long visit at Wilton. It was finished by Lady Pembroke after her brother's death. It seems to have circulated in many manuscript copies during her life-time, and was praised [1]) by the poets of that day, but it is not mentioned in any account of English Psalmody, and slept in unmerited obscurity till republished by Triphook, in 1823.[2]) The title page of this edition reads:

The / Psalmes of David / translated into / divers and sundry kindes of Verse / More rare and excellent / for the / Method and Varietie / than ever yet hath been done in English. / Begun by / the noble and learned gent. / Sir Philip Sidney, Knt. / and finished by / the right honorable / the Countess of Pembroke / his sister / Now first printed from / a copy of the Original Manuscript / Transcribed by John Davies of Hereford in the reign of James the first, 1823.

At the end of the book:

Chiswick / by / C. Whittingham for Robert Triphook / 23 Old Bond Street.

The manuscript from which Triphook's version was made was copied, as he tells us in his preface, from the original by John Davies of Hereford, writing-master to Prince Henry. It contains specimens of all the styles of penmanship then in use, especially the Italian style so much in fashion at court, and the great pains bestowed upon the copy would indicate that it was written for the

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[1]) Poems of Samuel Daniel, ed. by A. Grosart, Vol. III. p. 25—26.
Poems of John Donne, ed. by A. Grosart, Vol. II. p. 313—15.
Poems of John Davies, ed. by A. Grosart, Vol. II. p. 4.

[2]) Selections from this Psalter have also been printed by Sir John Harrington in Nugae Antiquae, Vol. II. p. 6; by Steele in the Guardian XVIII; in Bishop Butler's Sidneiana; and in Zouch's Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney.

Prince. This copy, bought at the Bright sale, is now in the library at Penshurst. The readings of this Ms. Triphook further amended by a comparison with a Ms.[1]) now in the Bodleian, which was copied by Dr. Samuel Woodford, from the manuscript of a scribe who must have written under the personal supervision of Sir Philip Sidney, as there are occasional alterations in Sidney's own handwriting. The Psalms from Ps. 88 to verse 22 of Ps. 102, are here wanting, and also from Ps. 131 to the end. In the margin, Dr. Woodford has written after Ps. 43: "Hitherto Sir Philip Sidney;" showing that he is the author of the first forty three only. This is still further confirmed by a letter[2]) of Lord Brooke to Sir Francis Walsingham, where, among the other literary remains of Sidney, he mentions "about forty of the psalms."

There is another manuscript of the Psalms in Trinity College, Cambridge, and there are two in the British Museum, Add. Mss. 12,047, and Add. Mss. 12,048. For the description and critical collation of these manuscripts, see Sidney, ed. Grosart, Vol. III, p. 72 sqq.

In thought, style, and versification, Lady Pembroke's part of the Psalter is much superior to Sidney's. These poems have the stiffness characteristic of the religious poetry of that day, but the translation is faithful to the thought of the original, and full of melody and poetic spirit. Most of the stanzas are of five or six lines and the verse is iambic or trochaic. The great variety and intricacy of some of these arrangements, the differences as to the number of feet in the lines, and the alternations of rhyme in the different groups, suggest that this Psalter was intended to be set to music.[3])

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[1]) Rawlinson, Poet. 25.

[2]) Letter of Lord Brooke preserved in the State Papers, endorsed November, 1586.

[3]) In Ms. 12,047 in Brit. Mus. the psalms are not in their order,

One of the most ingenious arrangements is that of Ps. 55, which has only three rhyming words, through seventy two lines. There are six stanzas, each composed of four triplets, with the rhyme sequence a b c — c b a: a c b — b c a. The first and sixth stanzas begin and close with a; the second and fifth with b; the third and fourth with c. Psalms 100 and 150 are properly sonnets of fourteen lines each. Psalm 101 has the intricate rhyme sequence a b a, c d c, b e b, d f d, e g e, f a f, g h g, a h a. The best work of Lady Pembroke is to be found in these psalms.

§ 6. Discourse of Life and Death.

In May, 1590, Lady Pembroke completed a translation of "*Le Excellent Discours de la Vie et de la Mort*," from the French of Du Plessis Mornay (1549—1623), the profound politician and controversialist, one of the most eminent members of the Protestant party at the end of the sixteenth century, and the intimate[1]) friend of Sir Philip Sidney. In "La Henriade", Voltaire has painted the character of this noble and upright counsellor of Henry IV. in terms which might have been applied to Sir Philip Sidney himself: —

"Non moins prudent ami que philosophe austère,
Mornay sut l'art discret de reprendre et de plaire.
Son exemple instruisait bien mieux que ses discours;

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but arranged (apparently for use in religious service) in the following order.

Ps. 1—26 in order: Then follow 51, 69, 104, 70, 71, 75, 76, 80, 83, 86, 89 (two versions), 91, 93, 95, 96, 98, 99, 105, 108, 112, 117, 120, 121, 122 (two versions), 124, 128, 127, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 138, 147, 148, 149—58, 85, 73, 74, 75 (two versions), 68, 109, 142, 77, 88, 84, 102, 111, 143, 150, 78, 113, 137.

[1]) Mémoires de Madame de Mornay, ed. by Mdme. de Witt, Paris, 1868. Vol. I. p. 118. Sidney had stood as sponsor for Mornay's daughter Elizabeth, see ib. p. 120.

Les solides vertus furent ses seuls amours.
Avide de travaux, insensible aux délices,
Il marchait d'un pas ferme au bord des précipices.
Jamais l'air de la cour, et son souffle infecté,
N'altéra de son cœur l'austère pureté.
Belle Aréthuse, ainsi ton onde fortunée
Roule au sein furieux d'Amphitrite étonnée
Un cristal toujours pur, et des flots toujours clairs,
Que jamais ne corrompt l'amertume des mers."

Mornay was the author of many political and religious works, of one of which Sidney, at his death, left an unfinished translation. This was afterwards completed by Arthur Golding, and published in 1587, under the title: "A Worke concerning the Truenesse of the Christian Religion," and it may have been in accordance with her brother's design, that Lady Pembroke undertook her translation.

The original essay, which consists of moral reflections upon the brevity and vanity of life, was originally prefixed to Mornay's translation of selections from certain letters and essays of Seneca. The book was first written [1]) in 1575, and translated [2]) into English in 1577, by Edward Aggas. Lady Pembroke's translation was first printed, together with Antonie, in 1592,[3]) and again separately in 1600, with the title: A Discourse / of Life and / Death / Written in French by Phil. / Mornay. / Done in English by the Countesse of Pembroke / ( ) At London / Printed for William Ponsonby / 1600. It is prefixed, under date of 1606, as introductory essay to an English translation of selections from the works of Mornay entitled: "*Six* [4]) *Excellent Treatises* of *Life* and *Death*," and

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[1]) Mémoires de Madame de Mornay Vol. I. p. 89.

[2]) The Defence of Death by E(duard) A(ggas), London, 1577, Brit. Mus. 8403. aa. 26.

[3]) The title of this edition is quoted in full in the consideration of the 1592 edition of Antonie, *infra* p. 39.

[4]) This contains the essay which Lady Pembroke translated prefixed to selections from the following letters of Seneca: 23, 26, 27, 30, 32, 36, 50, 57, 62, 71, 78, 94, 100, 102, 104, 108, 121.

Also of the first book concerning tranquility of life; of the book

to a second edition of the same book, dated 1607. There is no clue to the translator, but the following note to the reader: "Here knowe that the first Discourse, mentioned in the Advertisement ensuing, is none of these sixe here set down; but another precedent to these, and formerly translated by the Countesse of Pembroke."

Lady Pembroke's translation is in a clear and vigorous prose style, closely following the text of the original, as the following example shows.

"C'est un cas estrange, & dont je ne me puis assés esmerueiller, que les manouvriers pour se reposer hastent par maniere de dire le cours du Soleil: que les mariniers voguent à toute force pour arriver au port, & de si loin qu'ils descouvrent la coste jettent cris d'allegresse; que les pelerins n'ont bien ni aise, tant qu'ils soient au bout de leur voyage & que nous ce pendant qui sommes en ce monde attachez & liez à un perpetuel ouvrage, agites de continuelles tempestes, harrasses d'un si scabreux & mal aisé chemin, ne voions toutes fois la fin & le bout de nostre tache qu'a regret, ne regardons nostre vray port que avec larmes, n'approchons de nostre giste & paisible sejour qu'avec horreur & tremblement. C'este vie n'est qu'une toile de Penelope, on tousjours y a à tistre & à retistre. une mer abandonnée à tous vents, qui ores dedans, ores dehors nous tourmantent sans cesse; un voyage

"It seems to me strange, and a thing much to be marveiled, that the laborer to repose himselfe hasteneth as it were the course of the Sunne: that the Mariner rowes with all force to attaine the port, & with a joyfull crie salutes the descried land; that the traveller is never quiet nor content till he be at the end of his voyage; & that we in the meane while tied in this world to a perpetuall taske, tossed with continuall tempest, tyred with a rough and combersome way, cannot yet see the end of our labour but with griefe, nor behold our port but with teares, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horrour and trembling. This life is but a Penelopes web, wherein we are always doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which sometime within, sometime without never cease to torment us; a wearie journey through extreame heats & colds, over high mountains,

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of the shortness of life; of the book concerning consolation; of the book of divine providence; from the same book, concerning bearing adversity; from the same book, concerning prosperity; Advertisement to the reader; Sonnet for Mlle. Du Plessis; to the author; ode.

facheux par gelées & par chaleurs extremes, par roides montagnes & par precipices, par deserts et par brigandages. Ainsi en deuisons nous en faisant nostre besongne en tirant à cest aviron, en passant ce miserable chemin. Et voila neantmoins, quand la mort vient mettre fin à nos travaux, quand elle nous tend les bras pour nous tirer au port, quand apres tant de dangereux passages & de fascheuses hostelleries elle nous veut mener à nostre vray domicile, au lieu de nous resjouir, de reprendre coeur a la veue de nostre terre, de chanter en approchant de nostre bien heureux sejour, nous reprendrions, qui nous voudroit croire, nostre besongne, nous reguinderions la voile au vent & rebrousserions volontiers nostre chemin."

steepe rockes, and theevish deserts. And so we terme it in weaving at this web, in rowing at this oare, in passing this miserable way. Yet loe when death comes to end our worke, when she stretcheth out her armes to pull us into the port, when after so many dangerous passages and lothsome lodgings she would conduct us to our true home and resting place; in steede of reioycing at the end of our labour, of taking confort at the sight of land, of singing at the approach of our happie mansion, we would faine, (who would beleeve it?) retake our worke in hand, we would againe hoise saile to the winde, and willinglie undertake our journey anew."

PART II.

§ 7. Garnier's Marc Antoine.

Before passing to Lady Pembroke's translation of Antonie, let us consider briefly the life and literary importance of its author, Robert Garnier.

Born in 1534,[1]) at Ferté-Bernard in Maine, educated for the law, Garnier divided his life between the duties of a magistracy and the culture of letters, and in the height of his career met with a tragic death at Le Mans, in 1590.

He attained fame as the author of eight tragedies, which won lavish praise from his contemporaries,[2]) as is shown in the sonnets by Ronsard, Estienne, Binet, Belleau, Dorat, Baif and others, prefixed to Porcie and other of his dramas.[3]) Ronsard praises Garnier for having "*changé en*

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[1]) Niceron, Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des hommes illustres, Paris, 1733, Vol. XXI, p. 377.

Firmin Didot Frères, Nouvelle Biographie générale, Paris, 1857, Vol. 19, article Garnier.

[2]) La Croix du Maine, Bibliothèque françoise, Paris, 1584, p. 444 sqq.

[3]) See: — Robert Garnier, Les Tragedies, edited by W. Förster, Heilbronn, 1882 (in Sammlung französischer Neudrucke von Karl Vollmöller).

or" the French stage which before him "*n'estoit que de bois*". He prefers him to Jodelle for "*le suiect et le parler haut et les mots bien choisis*". Etienne ranks him with the Greeks and calls him "*l'ornement du theâtre françois*". Belleau praises his "*doctes escrits*", and in an ode at the beginning of Cornelie "*sa grace douce et fiere*". Dorat compares him to Aeschylus, to Sophocles, and to Euripides, and du Verdier [1]) carries this comparison with the Greeks so far as to declare, "*s'ils estoyent vivans, on ne scauroit juger s'ils auroient emprunté de luy, ou luy d'eux*". Vauquelin [2]) classes him among the most famous poets of his day, a statement which is abundantly proved by the fact that up to 1686, his plays had passed through fifty editions, and two of them had been translated into English in the age of Elizabeth.

Living now, after the wonders of Shakspere's dramas, we find an absurd exaggeration in these expressions of enthusiasm, and posterity has since condemned Garnier to two centuries of obscurity. In the eighteenth century, we read that "*peu* [3]) *de personnes voudroient se donner la peine de le lire*" and the criticism [4]) of our own age has censured him as wanting in the first essentials of a dramatist, though recognizing his great importance [5]) in the development of the modern drama. But the faults which modern criticism censures, the lack of action, the endless monologues, the long-winded messengers, all these formed his highest praise in the estimation of his contemporaries.

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[1]) A. du Verdier, Bibliothèque françoise, Lyon, 1585. p. 1098.

[2]) Vauquelin, l'Art Poétique, ed. Pellissier, Paris, 1885, Vol. II, p. 1053—1056.

[3]) M. de Beauchamps, Recherches sur les théâtres de France. Paris, 1735, Tome II. p. 39.

[4]) Tivier, Histoire de la littérature française en France, Paris, 1873, pp. 518—545.

Michaud, Biographie Universelle, Paris, 1865, Vol. IV. p. 1—22.

[5]) Ebert, Entwicklungsgeschichte der französischen Tragödie. Gotha, 1856, p. 142—178.

Garnier [1]) has a place in the first rank of those authors whose efforts, inspired by the Renaissance, had the effect of reviving in France the antique tragedy. He was the most effective exponent in France of the Seneca model, which directly influenced French tragedy up to the time of Corneille, and indirectly even later. This delight of a learned century in a poet so faulty as Seneca is most interesting. Other literary fashions passed and gave place to new; but Seneca remained and became a law. We cannot go through the history of the drama without encountering at every step, his form, his style, and even his very thoughts.

When the dramatic authors of the sixteenth century began to be interested in classic models, they turned naturally to Seneca, both because the Latin was more accessible to them than the Greek, and also because Seneca is the only Latin tragedian whose works have been preserved. Although Greek as well as Roman models were [2]) recomended for imitation, in the formal teaching of the day, in reality the literary influence of Rome was dominant among the nations which had sprung from her, and Roman literature was imitated because in its essential qualities it accorded with the genius and the needs of the French people. When Scaliger recommended Seneca — "quem nullo Graecorum maiestate inferiorem existimo, cultu vero ac nitore etiam Euripide maiorem. Inventiones sane illorum sunt: at maiestas carminis, sonus, spiritus ipsius" — he proposed a type which, from its rhetorical and artificial nature, was far more adapted to the French character than the admirable simplicity of the Greek models.

Not only is Seneca "the most modern [3]) of the ancients"

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[1]) See: Bernage, Étude sur Robert Garnier, Paris, 1886.

[2]) Vauquelin, l'Art Poétique, ed. Pellissier, Paris, 1885, Vol. II, Chap. V, 1107 sqq.

Scaliger, Poetice, Paris, 1581, Vol. III, Chap. 97, p. 369.

[3]) John W. Cunliffe, The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy, London, 1893.

and the most cosmopolitan, but he is also the easiest model for the imitator, making his first attempt in dramatic art. It is far easier to put in verse long recitations and declamatory monologues, without action, without method, than to make events evolve themselves from the characters and to lend to the personages a language in keeping with their passions. It is easier to astonish and to horrify, than it is to touch and to move. It is not difficult to write a play without action, without interest, with the inevitable accompaniment of the nurse, the chorus, the messenger, where the characters are badly drawn, where the scenes lack verisimilitude, a play without consequence, except as an opportunity of showing off learning and of imitating for the sake of imitating, a servile reproduction, without regard for differences of time and of usage.

The moral atmosphere, the pompous rhetoric, the fatalistic conception of the world taking the form of "glittering generalities", the taste for the horrible, all these were easy of imitation, and sure to find special favour in France, in the sixteenth century. It was this mentally congenial and technically easy model, imitated by Etienne Jodelle, in the first regular tragedy *Cleopatre captive* (1552), and recommended by Scaliger in his Poetice (1581), which, taking captive the French stage in the tragedies of Garnier, left its influence upon Corneille and Racine and even Voltaire.

The subjects of the French tragedies of this century were generally taken from ancient or sacred [1]) history. The same spiritual affinity which kept the French long enchained to the forms of Seneca, made subjects from Roman [2]) history especially popular as themes for tragedy, and accounts for their often excellent reproduction of the Roman spirit. Garnier has treated Roman themes in three dramas,

[1]) Vauquelin, l'Art Poétique, ed. Pellissier, Paris, 1885, II, 1114 sqq.
Nisard, Études sur les poètes latins de la décadence. Paris, 1834, p. 62.

[2]) Ebert, l. c. p. 116.

Porcie (1563), Cornelie (1574), and M. Antoine (1578). They form a sort of trilogy of the Roman civil wars. The material for all three is taken from Amyot's Plutarch, the "*Shakspere der Weltbiographie*". Garnier seems to have had an especial liking for Antony, who appears in both the other Roman dramas, but in choosing for his subject the last moments of this hero, one of the masterpieces of anecdote in Plutarch, Garnier was also following a tendency of his age. The first regular tragedy, *La Cleopatre captive*, of Jodelle (1552), is of the same character, and commences after the death of Antony; and several pieces having for their theme the love and heroism of Antony and the conjugal fidelity of Cleopatra appeared in the last half of the sixteenth century, in Italy and England.

§ 8. The Seneca Type in Antoine.

The story of Plutarch has been remodelled by Garnier after the only play of Seneca written on a Roman theme, the Octavia, [1]) and we find here the same endless monologues, the same philosophical dissertations, the same antithetical dialogues, the same lack of action.

In plot and situation, Antoine has the characteristic Senecan simplicity. Love of the supposed faithless Cleopatra, and humiliation at the conquest of Octavius, causes Antony's suicide. Love of Antony, and fear of the victorious Octavius, causes Cleopatra's suicide. This is surely material enough for a tragic plot, but here the two principal characters never once meet in the whole course of the play, and their chief office is that of mouthpieces for long-winded monologues. Even in the dialogue, there is no trace of

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[1]) This is one of the doubtful plays of Seneca. The question of Seneca's authorship is discussed in Teuffel, Geschichte der röm. Lit. p. 703, and answered affirmatively, but later investigations tend to disprove Seneca's claim to the work.

character-drawing, and Charmion the waiting-maid proves quite the equal [1]) of her mistress in philosophic training.

Not only do the single characters go their separate ways, but there is no dramatic unity in the play. The different acts do not grow out of each other, but are parallel, except for the fifth, which presupposes the suicide of Antony, already announced by the messenger in the previous act.

In form, Antoine conforms closely to the Seneca model.[2]) There are five acts, the first of which consists wholly of a long monologue[3]) and chorus. Only the second and fourth acts are divided into scenes, the former by the chorus, and the latter by the appearance of the messenger. As in all Seneca plays, there is a chorus, lyrical in form, at the close of the first four acts, and in Antoine each chorus bears a close relation to the action of the play. After Antony's long monologue as to the overthrow of his greatness and the infidelity of Cleopatra, the chorus bewails the destiny of men who are born to suffer. In the second act, after Philostratus has bewailed the evils which love has brought upon Egypt, the chorus takes up the same lament. At the close of the same act, where Cleopatra mourns the overthrow of Antony, the chorus describes the servitude of Egypt and closes with generalities in regard to the transitoriness of all things human. In the third act, where Antony laments Cleopatra's infidelity and resolves to die, the chorus praises voluntary death. In the fourth act, after the messenger has announced the death of Antony, the chorus composed of Roman soldiers makes vows of peace.

These choruses differ from those of Seneca, not only in

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[1]) Act II. ll. 469—533.

[2]) For a careful analysis of the characteristics of the Seneca type, see Rudolf Fischer, Zur Kunstentwicklung der englischen Tragödie, Strassburg, 1893, and John W. Cunliffe, The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy, London, 1893.

[3]) Cp. Seneca's Hercules Furens, Troades, Medea etc.

their closer connection with the action, but also in their more truly lyrical quality. They are less weighted with philosophic aphorisms than is often the case with Seneca, and they have a simplicity and beauty of expression which are often lacking in the main drama.

The claim that these choruses are imitations of particular passages in Horace or Seneca [1]), seems to have no foundation beyond the fact that some of the stock ideas of the Senecan philosophy find expression here. It is claimed that Seneca's Agamemno, l. 610 — 613,

> "Heu quam dulce malum mentibus additum
> Vitae dirus amor, cum pateat malis
> Effugium et miseros libera mors vocet
> Portus aeterna placidus quiete"

is the source of lines expressing such a wide-spread philosophic commonplace as: —

> "Las que nous tourmente l'envie
> Et le desir de cette vie!
> Que ce nous est un fier bourreau
> Qui nous travaille et nous martelle
> D'une gesne perpetuelle
> Que l'ignoble peur du tombeau!"
>
> (Ant. Act III, 1248 sqq.)

Such a claim can neither be proved nor denied. Whatever the source of the ideas, the lyric beauty of their expression is wholly Garnier's.

The unity of place is violated. The second act must take place, in part, within the monument (ll. 687 — 688), and also the fifth act. This rule of the unities was not a fixed law with Seneca and is often violated in Garnier.

The rule of three actors is also violated. In the second act there are four and in the fifth act five, thus exceeding even the four permitted in the pseudo-Senecan plays.

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[1]) P. Kahnt, Gedankenkreis der Sentenzen in Jodelle's und Garnier's Tragödien. Marburg, 1887, p. 44, Note 3; p. 60, Note 6.

The stage decencies are observed in the death of Antony, which is reported by a messenger, but violated in the death of Cleopatra, which it would seem takes place on the stage.

Although there is no ghost, supernatural agencies are not wanting, for Philostratus tells of terrible omens presaging evil, and of nightly voices which seemed to abandon the city (ll. 297—316).

The language of Antoine is often an exaggeration of the rhetoric and artificiality of Seneca. The speeches are prolix and bombastic, and like all Seneca plays, abound in learned citations from history and mythology. The dialogue is heavily weighted with philosophic aphorisms, and stichomythia often becomes a mere pitch and toss of moral commonplace, as in Act IV, ll. 1505—1522. Kahnt[1]) has shown that aphorisms occur more abundantly in Antoine than in any other of Garnier's plays, and that the longest "Sentenzenstreit" is in Act II, ll. 560—570. The legal training of Garnier may account for his delight in such long wordy battles as those in Act III, ll. 874—907, where, in the midst of one of the most passionate scenes of the tragedy, the argument is developed point for point with the thoroughness and acumen of the lawyer pleading before the bar. The abundant aphorisms treat the usual Senecan themes, fate, resignation, the *aurea mediocritas*, suicide, tyranny, etc., and Kahnt[2]) proves that in the philosophy thus expressed, the fatalism and stoicism of Seneca show the modifying influence of modern Christian ideas; that fatalism shows a tendency to become predestination, and that Stoicism is often coloured with optimism.

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[1]) l. c., Tabelle p. 9; also p. 12.

[2]) l. c., p. 51 sqq.

§ 9. Lady Pembroke's Translation.

The sister of Sir Philip Sidney could hardly fail to be a lover of plays "full of stately speeches and well sounding Phrases, clyming to the height of Seneca his stile and full of a notable morality."[1] Her Antonie is the first of that series of pure Seneca plays which appeared in the last decade of Elizabeth's reign, and which indicates the continuous revolt in higher literary circles against the overwhelming progress of the English romantic drama. We shall see that it afterwards became the model of the only two plays in the literature which are written wholly in the style of the French Seneca drama.

A) Editions.

Although Lady Pembroke's translation closes with the inscription "At Ramsburie, 26 of November, 1590," it was first printed, together with the Discourse of Life and Death, two years later.

The title page of the first edition reads: —

Discourse of Life
and Death
Written in French by Ph. Mornay.
Antonius
A Tragedie written also in French
by Ro. Garnier.
Both done in English by the
Countesse of Pembroke
(Vignette)
At London
Printed for William Ponsonby
1592.

There is no signature.

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[1]) Sir Philip Sidney, An Apologie for Poetrie, Arber's English Reprints, p. 63.

The only copy of this first edition known to the editor is in the British Museum. The volume is an unpaged octavo, but not in its original binding. Each leaf has been cut out and pasted by one edge on a stiff strip of paper, and the whole rebound, thus making the book larger than the original by the width of a broad margin. In several instances the initial letter, or the monosyllabic word at the beginning of a line, has been torn off. In the second act, two pages have been misplaced. The leaf beginning "Do often honor to our loued Tombes" (l. 654) and ending, "If yet for me his heart one sigh fourth breathe" (l. 684), should precede the leaf beginning, "Blest shall I be: and farre with more content" (l. 685) and ending, "But seeing hir was rauished with her sight" (l. 712).

The argument is printed twice in succession, but there are no variations in the texts of the two arguments.

A second edition was printed in 1595. The title-page reads: —

The Tragedie Of Antonie

Doone into English by the Countesse of Pembroke

(Vignette)

Imprinted at London for William Ponsonby,
1595.

The last page is inscribed "Printed at London by P. S. for William Ponsonby, 1595." There is no signature.

The copy in the British Museum is an unpaged quarto, well printed, with a woodcut border about each page.

In the Bodleian are [1]) two copies of the Antonie. One is an octavo, the title page of which agrees with that of the 1595 edition quoted above, except that the name Sidney (Mary) is inserted before the Countess of Pembroke, and that the imprint is "London by P. S. for Will Ponsonby, 1595."

[1]) Malone 208.

There is another edition, a quarto, in which a ms. title-page in ink has been supplied in place of the lost original. The date 1595 written hereupon is known by comparing the book with other existing copies of the same edition. The only date printed anywhere in this copy is the inscription at the end, "At Ramsburie, 26 of November, 1590."

B) The Translation and the Original.

The French reprint of Antoine in the complete edition of Garnier's works, in 1585,[1]) differs in many of its readings from the first edition of the play, in 1578. In every instance Lady Pembroke follows the readings of 1585, showing that she must have used that or some later edition for her translation.

She does not translate the letter of dedication to M. Pibrac, nor the introductory sonnets to Garnier.

The Argument is not a translation, though its content agrees in substance with the argument of the original. There is no reference in Garnier to the scene of the play;[2]) the fact that Lady Pembroke states in her Argument, "the stage supposed Alexandria," might mean that she intended her translation to be acted, but no record of its production can be found.

In the cast of characters, the actors are not placed in the same order as in the original, and the characterization of Lucilius as "amy d'Antoine," of Agrippa as "amy de Cesar" and of Dircetus as "archer des gardes d'Antoine", is omitted.

In Garnier, the *personnel* of the chorus is given in the list of characters; in the translation, it is stated in the Argument.

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[1]) See: Robert Garnier, Les Tragedies, ed. by W. Foerster, in Sammlung französischer Neudrucke.

[2]) According to the Journal du Théâtre Français, the play was acted with success at the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, in 1578.

The translation reproduces very faithfully the content of the original. One couplet has been added (ll. 1092—93), and one line (1407 in the original) has been omitted. It should appear as line 1409 in the translation,[1]) and its omission seems to be a printer's error although it occurs in both editions. Occasionally the structure of the sentence has been changed, as in l. 271, where narration has been changed to direct address in the translation, and to interrogation in ll. 550, 960, 1503. The parenthesis has been often used in the translation, where it is wanting in the original. Considerable liberties are taken with the proper names. Sometimes they are omitted, as in lines 1084 (d'Afrique), 1218 (d'Omphale), etc; or a paraphrase is substituted, as in l. 151, where for Aquilon is put "the northern blast;" l. 328, where Philomela is rendered "wood musiques queene"; l. 541, where Acheron is translated "the joyless lake", or l. 1744, where la laine Canusienne is translated "wool of finest fields." Vice versâ, a proper name is used for the paraphrase, as in l. 200 (Titan for "Soleil"), or l. 1906 (Styx for "rives pallissantes"); or other names are substituted, as in l. 289 Hector (not identical) for Sarpedon; l. 360, Padus (identical) for Eridan. In all these changes, Lady Pembroke shows a very thorough knowledge of classic mythology.

The translation follows in general the verse order of the original, but in the choruses, where the translator is hampered by rhyme, the rendering is much freer and the order of the verse often much transposed, as in the chorus at the end of Act II.

Too close an adherence to the original sometimes gives an absurd line, as in 1916, "Alas, how much I weeping liquor want"; but such lines are not common, and in general, the idea is not only faithfully but skilfully repro-

[1]) The addition of ll. 1092, 1093 and omission of l. 1409 accounts for the difference in the number of lines in the original and in the translation.

duced. Sometimes she even "touches to adorn", as in ll. 831—834:

Il viendra quelque iournee,	"One daie there will come a daie,
Pernicieuse à ton heur,	Which shall quail thy beauty's flower,
Qui t'abatra ruinee	And thee ruinde low shall lay
Sous vn barbare seigneur	In some barbarous Princes power."

There are not many mistakes in the translation, although in a few instances Lady Pembroke has failed to grasp the sense of the original. For example, in ll. 559—60:

> N'est-ce pas les priuer du bien hereditaire
> Que le faire tomber en la main aduersaire,

where *le* i. e. *le bien* is translated "That give *them* up to aduersaires handes".

Again, l. 1097 "qu'il me soumist à soy" is translated: "All this whole world *submitted unto me.*"

Sometimes the construction of a word is entirely false, as in l. 491 sqq.

> "Bien qu'il soit tout puissant, que la terre feconde . . .
> Meuue au clin de ses yeux",

where in the translation,

> "Who earth (our firme support) with plenty stores",

the adjective *feconde* is construed as a verb. Lines 427, 429 and 648 which are spoken by Charmion in the original are assigned to Eros in the translation. A detailed discussion of all the mistakes in translation will be found in the foot-notes to the text of the drama.

C) Verse.

(1) The dialogue.

The verse of the French original, except in the choruses, is the Alexandrine, the verses rhyming in pairs. The sense generally stops with the rhyme, not infrequently with the single verse. The change of masculine and feminine endings is very carefully observed. The caesura occurs as a rule after the sixth syllable, rarely in other positions.

Lady Pembroke translates these Alexandrines into English blank verse. She has followed the text of the original so closely that the English verse is often rough. and the inverted sentences sometimes give a strained effect to the measures; but if we consider that "Marlowe's mighty line", though it had existed in a few plays for thirty years, first became the property of the English public in Tamburlaine, printed in 1590, we must admit that she uses the new metre with a very considerable degree of skill. Kyd, who was probably a protégé of Lady Pembroke's (see Herrig's Archiv, XC, p. 190—91, article by J. Schick), had already written in this metre and may have encouraged her to attempt the measure which he had already used so skilfully.

Variations from the regular ten-syllabled type are few and far between. There is a small percentage of feminine endings, as in:

249 Nor cruell Tantalus, nor bloudie Atreus.
643 Your dutie must upon some good be founded.
644 On vertue it, the onlie good, is grounded.
293 So plaguie he, so many tempests raiseth.
294 So murdring he, so many Cities raiseth.

Probably also line

1962 What say I? where am I? ô Cleopatra.

The number of such lines would be considerably greater, if we were to read certain words with nasals or liquids as dissyllables, e. g. fire, hour, bowers, showers, power etc., as in

280 Hath lost this Realme inflamed with his fire.
113 Her absence thee besottes: each hower, each hower.
69 Trumpets to pipes: field tents to courtley bowers.

As the number of *certain* feminine endings is so very small, we may even assume that Lady Pembroke considered as monosyllables the words *given* and *tremble* in the lines:

40 To him haue Iove and fatall sisters giuen.
85 All Asia hidde: Euphrates bankes do tremble,

and perhaps *lamentable* in

1798 O hatefull life! ô Queene most lamentable,

and *alabaster* in

421 Water with teares this faire alabáster

need not necessarily be considered as words with a feminine ending.

The result is that, at all events, the percentage of feminine endings is very small. Of the choruses, only the one at the close of Act 3 has feminine endings, regularly in the third and sixth line of each stanza.

Sometimes the irregularity is due to a double thesis, as in line 398.

In a few instances, the line is rendered faulty through a printer's error as by the omission of *his* in line 625, of *to* in line 719, of *be* in line 1092.

The monotonous cadence of the French rhymed Alexandrines she has avoided in the translation by frequent enjambement. The proportion of unstopt to end-stopt lines is 1 : 3 · 7. This is a large proportion for such an early attempt in dramatic blank verse. According to Dowden (Shakspere Primer p. 40) the proportion of unstopt to end-stopt lines in Love's Labour's Lost, is 1 : 18 · 14 as against 1 : 2 · 12 in the Winter's Tale.

The verse is sometimes left incomplete and finished by the next speaker. This occurs in Act II seven times, in Act III four times, in Act IV seven times, and in Act V twelve times.

The caesura usually comes after the fourth syllable, but it may come as early as the third (l. 8) or in one instance as late as the eighth (l. 49).

Rhymed couplets are of frequent occurrence, especially in the third act. They often come at the end of a paragraph or in stichomythia, and they precede every chorus and close every act in the play. There are about one hundred and fifty such couplets in the drama and the rhymes are generally very pure.

(2) Choruses.

In these choruses, Garnier has used a variety[1]) of

[1]) See: Versbau Robert Garnier's von Paul Körner (Berlin, C. Vogt's Verlag, 1894).

strophes and measures. The strophes of the first chorus have eight lines of eight syllables each, with the rhyme sequence ab ab cd cd. The translation [2]) is in strophes of eight lines of three accents each, with the very varied rhyme sequence: —

Strophe	1	a b	c d	a d	c b
„	2	a b	c b	a d	c d
„	3	a b	c b	c d	a d
„	4	a b	a c	d c	b d
„	5	a b	c b	d c	a d
„	6	a b	c a	d c	b d
„	7	a b	c a	b d	c d
„	8, 9, 10	a b	a c	d c	d b
„	11	a b	c d	c a	d b

The first chorus in Act II comprises, in the original, strophes of six lines each, two lines of eight syllables alternating with a line of six syllables, with the rhyme sequence aa—b—cc—b. The translation is in stanzas of six lines, each of three accents, with the rhyme sequence ab ab cc.

The second chorus in Act II is in stanzas of eleven lines, of seven syllables each, with the rhyme sequence, ab ab cd dc ece. The translation is in stanzas of eleven lines, of four accents each, with the rhyme sequence ab ab cd dc ed (or c) e. This is exactly like the rhyme sequence of the original except for the slight variation in the last couplet.

The chorus in Act III is in stanzas of six lines with the rhyme sequence, aa—b—cc—b, each line having 8 syllables. The translation is in stanzas of six lines, two lines of four accents each, alternating with one of three accents. The rhyme sequence is aa—b—cc—b. All the lines of three accents have feminine endings.

The chorus in Act IV is like that at the end of Act I, except that the rhyme sequence is aa bb cd cd. The

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[1]) In Dict. Nat. Biog. the choruses are incorrectly called Lady Pembroke's original compositions: "adding choral lyrics of her own."

translation is like the rendering of the chorus in Act I, except for the much simpler rhyme sequence aa bb cc dd.

Lady Pembroke's command of form and metre, which has been already noticed in connection with her translation of the psalms, is shown in her rendering of these choral lyrics. By far the most skilful part of her translation of Antonie is in these choruses.

§ 10. The Influence of Lady Pembroke's Antonie.

That Antonie must have been a popular play in certain circles is shown by the fact that it reached two editions within three years.

In Polimanteia,[1]) "whereunto is added a letter from England to her three daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, and Inns of Court," written by William Clarke, and published in 1595, the year of the second edition of Antonie, we find it thus praised: "So well graced Antonie deserveth immortall praise, from the hand of that divine Lady, who, like Corina contending with Pindarus, was oft victorius."

It was probably owing to this popularity of Antonie in select circles, that Thomas Kyd, probably in 1594, but possibly earlier, translated the Cornelie of Garnier, which was issued a second time with changed title-page, in 1595. The play is dedicated to the Countess of Sussex, the aunt of Lady Pembroke. Kyd's pathetic dedication, in which he complains of "afflictions of the mind and bitter times and privy broken passions," shows that he was then in great distress, and it is highly probable that Cornelie was translated to gain the patronage of that circle where Antonie was then read and admired. In the dedication, he also promised a translation of Garnier's Porcie, but, if he was

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[1]) W. C. (according to Grosart. William Clarke or Clerke), Polimanteia ed. Grosart, p. 45.

still living, his fortunes had probably become better by the following year, for there is no record of the play.

From its intrinsic literary merits, Cornelie is certainly the most interesting of these translations and imitations of the French school of Seneca.

Another play, which was a direct outcome of Antonie, was the Cleopatra of Samuel Daniel, written in 1594. Like his patroness, Daniel was a decided opponent of the romantic drama, and in dedicating his play to Lady Pembroke, he complains of the "barbarism" of the public taste, and praises the protest against the ruling dramatic fashion which Sidney had made in his Apologie for Poetrie. The dedication shows that Cleopatra was undoubtedly written at Lady Pembroke's suggestion.[1])

> "Lo! here the labours which she did impose,
> Whose influence did predominate my muse;
> The starre of wonder my desires first chose,
> To guide their travels in the course I use;
> . . . . . .
> I who (contented with a humble song)
> Made music to myself that pleased me best,
> And only told of Delia and her wrong,
> And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine own unrest —:
> (A text from which my muse had not digresst)
> Madam, had not thy well-graced Antonie,
> (Who all alone having remained long)
> Wanted his Cleopatra's company."

His play begins at the point where Antonie ends, and in his effort to preserve the unities, he relates only the last hours of Cleopatra's life. Nothing in the way of action is allowed to disturb the decorum of the occasion, even the death of Cleopatra being *narrated* by the most long-winded of messengers. In its structure and style, it is a close imitation of Antonie. In its verse, the play follows both the

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[1]) Works of Samuel Daniel, ed. Grosart, Vol. III, p. 23.

English and the French model, being written in a mixture of blank and rhymed verse, with frequent enjambement.

The success of Cleopatra induced Daniel to write a second tragedy, Philotas [1]) (1605), after the same model. It was not successful, owing partly to its supposed reference to the fate of the Earl of Essex, but more to the increasing success of the romantic drama. In his dedication to the Prince he complains that "All our labours are without successe, For either favour or our vertue fails." In his Apology, later appended to the play, Daniel condemns bitterly the "idle fictions" and "gross follies" with which "the Stage at this day abused men's recreations."

The French Seneca influence is also plainly traceable in the plays "Alaham" and "Mustapha", written by the life-long companion and later biographer of Sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville [2]), Lord Brooke, who also belonged to the inner circle of Lady Pembroke's friends.

Although the first authorized edition of his plays [3]) was printed in 1633, they must have been written much earlier, as single quarto editions were extant in 1608 and 1609. Both are oriental tales, treated in the strictest pseudo-classic style, with a careful observance of the unities and stage decencies. In Alaham, a ghost of one of the kings of Ormus speaks the long prologue, and choruses of "Good and Evil Spirits," "Furies and Vices", comment on the action. In no act are there more than two speakers.

In Mustapha, the chorus consists at one time of Pashas and Cadis, again of Mohammedan priests, then of "Time and Eternity," and lastly of converts to Mohammedanism. Both

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[1]) Daniel, ed. Grosart, Vol. III, p. 96 sqq.

[2]) In Works in Verse and Prose of Fulke Greville, Baron Brooke, ed. Grosart, Vol. IV, p. 10 is a beautiful eulogy of Sidney by his old school-fellow and friend.

[3]) In his Memoirs, Lord Brooke mentions having been moved to write a play called Cleopatra, which he afterwards burned.

plays are heavily weighted with moral sentences and political maxims, after the style of Seneca. Both are written after the French style in elaborate rhyme.

There is one other isolated Seneca drama belonging to this period, of whose author and his works nothing beyond this play is known. It bears the title: "The Tragicomodie of the Vertuous Octavia. Done by Samuel Brandon, 1598. London, printed for William Ponsonbye." It is dedicated to the Lady Lucia Audlay. Annexed to the main poem is a letter from Octavia to Mark Antony, and Mark Antony's answer in verse. This portion is dedicated: "To Mistresse Mary Thinne." These dedications afford no clue to the life of the author, or to any further works of his. The play takes up the story of Antony at an early period, and the scene is laid entirely in Rome, though the unities of time and action are not observed. Brandon is not known to have been the author of any other production. His versification is harmonious, like that of Daniel, and is interesting from its introduction of Greek compound epithets. In thought and style, this play closely resembles the later Seneca dramas. But it has not been possible to directly trace here the influence of Lady Pembroke and her circle.

The other literary records of that period are silent as to the effect of these pseudo-classic dramas.

The plays seem never to have met with more than the luke-warm approval of a lettered audience. The model of Garnier, which influenced French literature for three centuries, was impotent in England to replace the native drama. To-day these plays interest the historian of literature less from their literary merit, than because they indicate, by their very failure, the dramatic strength and artistic soundness of the native growth which they attempt to displace. These scholarly exercitations with their monologues, their sonorous diction, their unities and stage decencies were foreign to the English genius, which refused to be banished to the

limbo of pseudo-classic imitation, even under such august patronage as that of Lady Pembroke and her circle.

Concluding Remarks.

Plan of the present Reprint.

In this reprint of Antonie, the edition of 1592 has been reproduced. The old spelling has been scrupulously preserved, and the old punctuation has been altered only when it has been found, on comparison with the text of the French original, to obscure the sense.

The text (A) has been collated with the edition of 1595 (B). The variations are given in full in the foot-notes. Where the readings of text B have been found to clear up an obscurity in the sense or the metre they have been substituted and the corresponding readings of text A have been given in the notes.

The variations consist almost entirely of the correction in text B of omissions and printer's errors in text A. They are found in detail in the notes.

THE

TRAGEDIE OF ANTONIE.

DONE INTO ENGLISH

BY THE

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

LONDON,
1592.

THE ARGUMENT.

After the overthrowe of Brutus and Cassius, the libertie of Rome being now utterly opressed, and the Empire setled in the hands of Octauius Caesar and Marcus Antonius, (who for knitting a straiter bonde of amitie betweene them, had taken to wife Octavia the sister of Caesar) Antonius undertooke a journey against the Parthians, with intent to regaine on them the honor won by them from the Romains, at the discomfiture and slaughter of Crassus. But comming in his journey into Siria, the places renewed in his remembrance the long intermitted loue of *Cleopatra* Queene of Aegipt: who before time had both in Cilicia and at Alexandria, entertained him with all the exquisite delightes and sumptuous pleasures, which a great Prince and voluptuous Louer could to the uttermost desire. Whereupon omitting his enterprice, he made his returne to Alexandria, againe falling to his former loues, without any regard of his vertuous wife Octavia, by whom nevertheles he had excellent children. This occasion Octauius tooke of taking armes against him: and preparing a mighty fleet, encountred him at Actium, who also had assembled to that place a great number of Gallies of his own, besides 60. which Cleopatra brought with her from Aegipt. But at the very beginning of the battell Cleopatra with all her Gallies betooke her to flight, which Antony seeing could not but follow; by his departure

leaving to Octavius the greatest victorie which in any Sea Battell hath beene heard off. Which he not negligent to pursue, followes them the next spring, and besiedgeth them within Alexandria, where Antony finding all that he trusted to faile him, beginneth to growe jealouse and to suspect Cleopatra. She thereupon enclosed her selfe with two of her women in a monument she had before caused to be built, thence sends him woord she was dead: which he beleeving for truth, gave himselfe with his Swoord a deadly wound: but died not untill a messenger came from Cleopatra to have him brought to her to the tombe. Which she not daring to open least she should be made a prisoner to the Romaines and carried in Caesars triumph, cast downe a corde from an high window, by the which (her women helping her) she trussed up Antonius halfe dead, and so got him into the monument. The Stage supposed Alexandria: the Chorus first Egiptians and after Romane Souldiors. The Historie to be read at large in *Plutarch* in the life of Antonius.

THE ACTORS.

Antonius.
Cleopatra.
Eras *and* Charmion } Cleopatras *women.*
Philostratus *a philosopher.*
Lucilius.
Diomede *Secretary to* Cleopatra.
Octavius Caesar.
Agrippa.
Euphron, *teacher* of Cleopatra's children.
Children *of* Cleopatra.
Dircetus *the Messenger.*

Act 1.

Antonius. Since cruell Heav'ns against me obstinate,
Since all mishappes of the round engine doo
Conspire my harme: since men, since powers divine,
Aire, earth, and Sea are all iniurious:
And that my Queene her self, in whome I liu'd,
The Idoll of my hart doth me pursue:
It's meete I dye. For her have I forgone
My Country, *Caesar* unto warre provok'd
(For just revenge of Sisters wrong, my wife,
Who mou'de my Queene (ay me!) to iealousie).

1 Obstinate — French original: *encontre moy s'obstine.*
10 *Dont Cleopatre estoit à mon malheur ialouse.*

For love of her, in her allurements caught,
Abandon'd life, I honor have despisde,
Disdain'd my freends, and of the statelye Rome
Despoilde the Empire of her best attire,
Contemn'd that power that made me so much fear'd,
A slave become unto her feeble face.
O cruell, traitres, woman most unkinde,
Thou dost, forsworne, my love and life betraie:
And giv'st me up to ragefull enemie,
Which soone (ô foole!) will plague thy perjurye.
Yelded *Pelusium* on this Countries shore,
Yelded thou hast my Shippes and men of warre,
That nought remaines (so destitute am I)
But these same armes which on my back I weare.
Thou should'st have had them too, and me unarm'de
Yeelded to *Caesar* naked of defence.
Which while I beare let *Caesar* neuer thinke
Triumph of me shall his proud chariot grace:
Not think with me his glory to adorne,
On me alive to use his victorie.
Thou only *Cleopatra* triumph hast,
Thou only hast my freedome seruill made,
Thou only hast me vanquisht: not by force
(For forste I cannot be) but by sweete baites
Of thy eyes graces, which did gaine so fast
Upon my libertie, that nought remain'd.
None els hence foorth, but thou my dearest Queene,
Shall glorie in commanding *Antonie*.
Haue *Caesar* fortune and the Gods his freends,
To him haue Jove and fatall sisters giuen
The Scepter of the earth: he never shall

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12 Abandon'd life — *J'ay mis pour l'amour d'elle.... ma vie à l'abandon.*
16 Feeble face — *visage feint.*
40 Luy ayent Jupiter, et les destins promis Le sceptre etc.

Subject my life to his obedience.
But when that Death, my glad refuge, shall haue
Bounded the course of my unstedfast life,
And frosen corps under a marble colde
Within tombes bosome widdowe of my soule:
Then at his will let him it subiect make:
Then what he will let *Caesar* doo with me:
Make me limme after limme be rent: make me
My buriall take in sides of *Thracian* wolfe.
Poore *Antonie*! alas what was the day,
The daie of losse that gained thee thy love!
Wretch *Antony*! since then *Maegaera* pale
With Snakie haires enchain'd thy miserie.
The fire the[e] burnt was neuer *Cupids* fire
(For *Cupid* beares not such a mortall brand)
It was some furies torch, *Orestes* torche,
Which sometimes burnt his mother-murdering soule,
(When wandring madde, rage boiling in his blood,
He fled his fault which folow'd as he fled)
Kindled within his bones by shadow pale
Of mother slaine return'd from Stygian lake.
Antony, poore *Antony*! since that daie
Thy olde good hap did farre from thee retire.
Thy vertue dead: thy glory made alive
So ofte by martiall deeds is gone in smoke:
Since then the *Baies* so well thy forehead knewe
To Venus mirtles yeelded haue their place:
Trumpets to pipes: field tents to courtley bowers:
Launces and Pikes to daunces and to feastes.
Since then, ô wretch! in stead of bloudy warres
Thou shouldst have made upon the Parthian Kings

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43 Glad refuge — *courageux recours.*

55 thee] the Q 1.

64 *hap* — fortune. Cp. Sir P. Sidney, Arcadia III: "A right bare nature which joys to see any hard *hap* happen to them they deem happy". The word occurs again ll. 323, 403, 470, 735 etc.

For Romain honor filde by *Crassus* foile,
Thou threw'st thy Curiace off, and fearfull healme,
With coward courage unto *Aegipts* Queene
In haste to runne, about her necke to hang
Languishing in her armes thy Idoll made:
In summe, given up to *Cleopatras* eies.
Thou breakest at length from thence as one encharm'd
Breakes from th'enchaunter that him strongly helde.
For thy first reason (spoyling of their force
The poisned cuppes of thy faire Sorceres)
Recur'd thy sprite: and then on every side
Thou mad'st againe the earth with Souldiours swarme.
All Asia hidde: Euphrates bankes do tremble
To see at once so many Romanes there
Breath horror, rage, and with a threatning eye
In mighty squadrons crosse his swelling streames.
Nought seene but horse, and fier sparkling armes:
Nought heard but hideous noise of muttring troupes.
The *Parth*, the *Mede* abandoning their goods
Hide them for feare in hilles of *Hircanie*,
Redoubting thee. Then willing to besiege
The great *Phraate* head of *Media*,
Thou campedst at her walles with vaine assault,
Thy engines fit (mishap!) not thither brought.
So long thou staist, so long thou doost thee rest,
So long thy loue with such things nourished
Reframes, reformes it selfe and stealingly
Retakes his force and rebecomes more great.
For of thy Queene the lookes, the grace, the woords,
Sweetenes, alurements, amorous delights,

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81 etc. *Ta raison premiere . . . Reguarit ton esprit.*
83 Sprite] sperit Q 2.
86 Romanes] Komanes Q 1.
90 muttring *fremissantes.*
94 *la grand' Phraate, honneur de la Medie.*

Entred againe thy soule, and day and night,
In watch, in sleepe, her Image follow'd thee:
Not dreaming but of her, repenting still
That thou for warre hadst such a Goddes left.
Thou car'st no more for *Parth* nor *Parthian* bow,
Sallies, assaults, encounters, shocks, alarmes,
For diches, rampiers, wards, entrenched grounds:
Thy only care is sight of *Nilus* streames,
Sight of that face whose guilefull semblant doth
(Wandring in thee) infect thy tainted hart.
Her absence thee besottes: each hower, each hower
Of staie, to thee impacient seemes an age.
Enough of conquest, praise thou deem'st enough,
If soone enough the bristled fieldes thou see
Of fruit-full Aegipt, and the stranger floud
Thy Queenes faire eyes (another *Pharos*) lights.
Returned loe, dishonored, despisde,
In wanton love a woman the[e] misleades
Sunke in foule sinke: meane while respecting nought
Thy wife *Octavia* and her tender babes,
Of whom the long contempt against thee whets
The swoord of *Caesar*, now thy Lord become.
Lost thy great Empire, all those goodly townes
Reverenc'd thy name as rebells now thee leave:
Rise against thee, and to the ensignes flocke
Of conqu'ring *Caesar*, who enwalles thee round
Cag'de in thy holde, scarse maister of thy selfe
Late master of so many nations.
Yet, yet, which is of grief extreamest grief,
Which is yet of mischiefe highest mischiefe,

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109 ***rampiers*** -- obsolete form of rampart.
111 ***semblant*** — appearance. Cp. Spenser F. Q. VI. 5, 4: "He showed semblant of exceeding mone."
118 This clause is, of course, relative; ***lights*** is 3^{d} p. pl.: s. Abbott, l. c. § 333.
120 thee] the Q 1.
130 Nations — trisyllabic; see Abbott. l. c. § 479.

It's *Cleopatra* alas! alas it's she,
It's she augments the torment of thy paine,
Betraies thy loue, thy life (alas!) betraies,
Caesar to please, whose grace she seekes to gaine:
With thought her Crowne to saue, and fortune make
Onely thy foe, which comon ought haue beene.
If her I alwaies lov'd, and the first flame
Of her [heart-]killing loue shall burn me last:
Justly complaine I she disloyall is,
Nor constant is, euen as I constant am,
To comfort my mishap, despising me
No more than when the heauens fauour'd me.
But ah! by nature women wau'ring are,
Each moment changing and rechanging mindes.
Unwise, who blinde in them, thinkes loyaltie
Euer to finde in beauties company.
Chorus. The boyling tempest still
Makes not Sea waters fome:
Nor still the Northern blast
Disquiets quiet streames;
Nor who his chest to fill
Sayles to the morning beames.
On waves winde tosseth fast
Still keepes his Ship from home.
Nor Jove still downe doth cast
Inflam'd with bloudie ire
On man, on tree, on hill.

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139 If her etc. — *si l'aymé-ie tousjours.*
140 heart-killing] killing Q 1. Shall burn me last — *m'ardra dans le tombeau.*
145 Cp. Hamlet Act I, Sc. II, l. 141 sqq.; III, 1, 108 sqq.
149 Still — *tousiours.*
154 Sayles] Soules Q 1. — sayles — *trauerse.*
155 On waves etc. —:

Le nauire creux ne renuerse
Sous le flot agité du vent.

His darts of thundring fire:
Nor still the heat doth last
On face of parched plaine:
Nor wrinkled colde doth still
On frozen furrowes raine.
But still as long as we
In this low world remaine,
Mishapps our dayly mates
Our liues do entertaine:
And woes which beare no dates
Still pearch upon our heads,
None go, but streight will be
Some greater in their Steades.
Nature made us not free
When first she made us liue:
When we began to be,
To be began our woe:
Which growing euermore
As dying life dooth growe,
Do more and more us greeue,
And trie us more and more.
No stay in fading states,
For more to height they retch,
Their fellow miseries
The more to height do stretch.
They clinge euen to the crowne,
And threatning furious wise
From tirannizing pates
Do often pull it downe.
In vaine on waues untride
To shunne them go we should,
To *Scythes* and *Massagetes*
Who neare the Pole reside:
In vaine to boiling sandes

163 wrinkled colde — *la gourde froidure.*
182 *retch* — M. E. form rechen.

Which *Phaebus* battry beates,
For with us still they would
Cut seas and compasse landes.
The darknes no more sure
To joyne with heavy night:
The light which guildes the dayes
To follow *Titan* pure:
No more the shadow light
The body to ensue:
Then wretchednes alwaies
Us wretches to pursue.
O blest who never breath'd,
Or whome with pittie mou'de,
Death from his cradle reau'de,
And swadled in his graue:
And blessed also he
(As curse may blessing have)
Who low and living free
No princes charge hath prou'de.
By stealing sacred fire
Prometheus then unwise,
Prouoking Gods to ire,
The heape of ills did sturre,
And sicknes pale and colde,
Our ende which onward spurre,
To plague our hands too bolde
To filch the wealth of Skies.
In heauens hate since then
Of ill with ill enchain'd
We race of mortall men
Full fraught our breasts haue borne:
And thousand thousand woes
Our heau'nly soules now thorne,

210 As curse may blessing have — *Heureux encore en sa misere.*
217 Sicknes — plural; the original has *maladies.*
225—26 Maintenant le malheur espine De mille et mille afflictions Nostre ame.

Which free before from those
No earthly passion pain'd.
Warre and warres bitter cheare
Now long time with us staie,
And feare of hated foe
Still, still encreaseth sore:
Our harmes worse dayly growe,
Lesse yesterdaye they were
Then now, and will be more
To morowe then to daye.

Act 2.

Philostratus. What horrible furie, what cruell rage,
O *Aegipt* so extremely thee torments?
Hast thou the Gods so angred by thy fault?
Hast thou against them some such crime conceiu'd,
That their engrained hand lift up in threats
They should desire in thy hart bloud to bathe?
And that their burning wrath which nought can quench,
Should pittiles on us still lighten downe?
We are not hew'n out of the monst'rous masse
Of *Giantes* those, which heauens wrack conspir'd:
Ixions race, false prater of his loues:
Nor yet of him who fained lightnings found:
Nor cruell *Tantalus*, nor bloudie *Atreus*,
Whose cursed banquet for *Thyestes* plague
Made the beholdinge Sunne for horrour turne
His backe, and backward from his course returne:
And hastning his wing-footed horses race
Plunge him in sea for shame to hide his face:
While sulleine night upon the wondring world
For mid-daies light her starrie mantle cast.

235 Then — for than — see Abbott, Shak. Gram. § 70. *then* = than 538, 641, 915, etc.
241 their engrained hand — *leur main rougissante.*
248 Who fained lightnings found — *ny du fier Salmoné.*

But what we be, what euer wickednes
By us is done, Alas! with what more plagues,
More eager torments could the Gods declare
To heauen and earth that us they hatefull holde?
With Souldiors, strangers, horrible in armes
Our land is hidde, our people drown'd in teares.
But terror here and horror, nought is seene:
And present death prizing our life each hower.
Hard at our ports and at our porches waites
Our conquering foe: harts faile us, hopes are dead:
Our Queene laments: and this great Emperour
Sometime (would now they did) whom worlds did feare,
Abandoned, betraid, now mindes no more
But from his euils by hast'ned death to passe.
Come you poore people tir'de with ceasles plaints,
With teares and sighes make mournfull sacrifice
On *Isis* altars: not our selues to saue,
But soften *Caesar* and him piteous make
To us, his pray: that so his lenitie
May change our death into captiuitie.
Strange are the euils the fates on us haue brought,
O but alas! how farre more strange the cause!
Loue, loue (alas, who ever would have thought?)
Hath lost this Realme inflamed with his fire.
Loue, playing loue, which men say kindles not
But in soft harts, hath ashes made our townes.
And his sweet shafts, with whose shot none are kill'd,
Which ulcer not, with deaths our lands haue fill'd.

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259 *eager* — keen, biting. Cp. Hamlet I, 4, 2 "It is a nipping and an *eager* air."
264 *Et la presente mort nous marchande à tous coups.*
265 *au port et aux portes.*
270 *Euils* to be pronounced as a monosyllable, see Abbot, § 466.
273 On Isis altars — *De l'Argolique Isis.*
281 playing loue — *Amour dont on se iouë.*
284 Which ulcer not — *qui n'vlcerent aucun.*

Such was the bloudie, murdring, hellish loue
Possest thy hart, faire, false guest, *Priams* Sonne,
Fi'ring a brand which after-made to burne
The *Troian* towers by *Graecians* ruinate.
By this loue, *Priam*, *Hector*, *Troilus*,
Memnon, *Deiphobus*, *Glaucus*, thousands mo,
Whome redd *Scamanders* armor-clogged streames
Roll'd into Sea, before their dates are dead.
So plaguie he, so many tempests raiseth,
So murdring he, so many Cities raiseth,
When insolent, blinde, lawles, orderles,
With madd delights our sence he entertaines.
All knowing Gods our wracks did us foretell
By signes in earth, by signes in starry sphaeres:
Which should haue mou'd us, had not destinie
With too strong hand warped our miserie.
The *Comets* flaming through the scat'red clouds
With fiery beames, most like unbroaded haires:
The fearefull dragon whistling at the bankes,
And holie *Apis* ceaseles bellowing
(As neuer erst) and shedding endles teares:
Bloud raining downe from heav'n in unknow'n showers:
Our Gods darke faces ouercast with woe,
And dead mens Ghosts appearing in the night.
Yea euen this night while all the Cittie stoode
Opprest with terror, horror, seruile feare,
Deepe silence ouer all: the sounds were heard
Of diuerse songs, and diuers instruments,
Within the voide of aire: and howling noise,
Such as madde *Bacchus* priests, in *Bacchus* feasts,

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290 Memnon — in orig. Sarpedon.
293 raiseth — *esmeut.*
294 So many Cities raiseth — *Tant il ard de citez — raiseth* evidently in the sense of *razeth.*
302 Unbroaded = unbraided (*comme tresses crinues*).
307 *Les images des dieux au front morne d'ennuis.*

On *Nisa* make: and (seem'd) the company,
Our Cittie lost, went to the enemie.
So we forsaken both of Gods and men,
So are we in the mercy of our foes;
And we hencefourth obedient must become
To lawes of them who haue us ouercome.

Chorus.

Lament we our mishaps.
Drowne we with tears our woe:
For Lamentable happes
Lamented easie growe:
And much lesse torment bring
Then when they first did spring.
We want that wofull song,
Wherwith wood-musiques Queene
Doth ease her woes, among
Fresh springtimes bushes greene,
On pleasant branche alone
Renewing auntient mone.
We want that monefull sounde,
That pratling *Progne* makes
On fields of *Thracian* ground,
Or streames of *Thracian* lakes:
To empt her breast of paine
For *Itys* by her slaine.
Though *Halcyons* doo still,
Bewailing *Ceyx* lot,
The Seas with plainings fill
Which his dead limmes haue got,
Not euer other graue
Then tombe of waues to haue:
And though the birde in death
That most *Meander* loues
So swetely sighes his breath
When death his fury proues,

As almost softs his heart,
And almost blunts his dart:
Yet all the plaints of those,
Nor all their tearfull larmes,
Cannot content our woes,
Nor serue to waile the harmes,
In soule which we, poore we,
To feele enforced be.
Nor they of *Phaebus* bredd
In teares can doo so well,
They for their brother shedde,
Who into *Padus* fell,
Rash guide of chariot cleare
Surueiour of the yeare.
Nor she whom heau'nly powers
To weping rocke did turne,
Whose teares distill in showers,
And show she yet doth mourne,
Where with his toppe to Skies
Mount *Sipylus* doth rise.
Nor weping droppes which flowe
From barke of wounded tree,
That *Mirrahs* shame do showe
With ours compar'd may be,
To quench her louing fire
Who durst embrace her sire.
Nor all the howlings made
On Cybels sacred hill
By Eunukes of her trade,
Who *Atys, Atys* still
With doubled cries resound,
Which Echo makes rebound.
Our plaints no limits stay,
Nor more than doo our woes;

361 *Du beau char compasseur de l'an Conducteur temeraire.*
379 With] which Q 1. Resound] rebound Q 2.

Both infinitely straie
And neither measure knowes.
In measure let them plaine:
Who measur'd griefes sustaine.

Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion. Diomede.

Cleopatra. That I haue thee betraid, deare *Antonie,*
My life, my soule, my sunne? I had such thought?
That I haue thee betraide my Lord, my King?
That I would break my vowed faith to thee?
Leave thee? deceive thee? yeelde thee to the rage
Of mightie foe? I euer had that hart?
Rather sharpe lightning lighten on my head:
Rather may I to deepest mischeefe fall:
Rather the opened earth deuower me:
Rather fierce *Tigers* feed them on my flesh:
Rather, ô rather let our *Nilus* send,
To swallow me quicke, some weeping *Crocodile.*
And didst thou then suppose my royall hart
Had hatche[d], thee to ensnare, a faithles loue?
And changing minde as Fortune changed cheare,
I would weake thee, to winne the stronger, loose?
O wretch! ô catiue! ô too cruell happe!
And did not I sufficient losse sustaine
Loosing my Realme, loosing my liberty,
My tender of-spring, and the ioyfull light
Of beamy Sunne, and yet, yet loosing more
Thee *Antony* my care, if I loose not
What yet remain'd? thy loue alas! thy loue,
More deare than Scepter, children, freedome, light.
So ready I to row in *Charons* barge,
Shall leese the joy of dying in thy loue:
So the sole comfort of my miserie
To have one tombe with thee is me bereft.

398 ***quicke*** — living. Cp. "The quicke and the dead".
400 hatche Q 1. hatcht Q 2.

So I in shady plaines shall plaine alone.
Not (as I hop'd) companion of thy mone,
O height of griefe! *Eras.* Why with continuall cries
Your griefull harmes doo you exasperate?
Torment your selfe with murthering complaints?
Straine your weake breast so oft, so vehemently?
Water with teares this faire alabaster?
With sorrowes sting so many beauties wound?
Come of so many Kings want you the hart
Brauely, stoutly, this tempest to resist?
Cl. My eu'lls are wholy unsupportable,
No humain force can them withstand, but death.
Eras. To him that striues nought is impossible.
Cl. In striuing lyes no hope of my mishapps.
Eras. All things do yeelde to force of louely face.
Cl. My face too louely caus'd my wretched case.
My face hath so entrap'd, so cast us downe,
That for his conquest Caesar may it thanke.
Causing that Antony one army lost.
The other wholy did to Caesar yeld,
For not induring (so his amorouse sprite
Was with my beautie fir'de) my shamefull flight.
Soone as he saw, from ranke wherin he stoode.
In hottest fight my Gallies making saile:
Forgetfull of his charge (as if his soule
Unto his Ladies soule had been enchain'd)
He left his men, who so couragiouslie
Did leaue their liues to gaine him victorie.
And carelesse both of fame and armies losse
My oared Gallies follow'd with his Ships,
Companion of my flight, by this base parte
Blasting his former flourishing renowne.

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418 *griefful* — griefful in early modern English.
421 faire — to be pronounced as a dissyllable, see Abbott, § 480.
425 eu'lls, see note line 270.
427. 429 These lines are spoken by Charmion in the original.

Eras. Are you therefore cause of his overthrowe?
Cl. I am sole cause: I did it, only I.
Er. Feare of a woman troubled so his sprite?
Cl. Fire of his loue was by my feare enflam'd.
Er. And should he then to warre haue ledd a Queene?
Cl. Alas! this was not his offence, but mine.
Antony (ay me! who else so braue a chiefe!)
Would not I should have taken Seas with him:
But would have left me fearfull woman farre
From common hazard of the doubtfull warre.
O that I had beleu'd! now, now of *Rome*
All the great Empire at our beck should bende.
All should obey, the vagabonding *Scythes*,
The feared *Germains*, back-shooting *Parthians*,
Wandring *Numidians*, *Brittons* farre remoou'd,
And tawny nations scorched with the Sunne.
But I car'd not: so was my soule possest,
(To my great harme) with burning iealousie:
Fearing least in my absence *Antony*
Should leauing me retake *Octauia.*
Char. Such was the rigour of your destinie.
Cl. Such was my errour and obstinacie.
Ch. But since Gods would not, could you doe withall?
Cl. Alwaies from Gods good happs, not harms, do fall.
Ch. And have they not all power on mens affaires?
Cl. They never bow so lowe, as worldly cares.
But leaue to mortall men to be dispos'd
Freelie on earth what euer mortall is.
If we therin sometimes some faultes commit,
We may them not to their high maiesties,
But to our selues impute: whose passions
Plunge us each day in all afflictions.
Wherwith when we our soules do thorned feele,
Flatt'ring our selves we say they dest'nies are:

469 Mais qu'y eussiés vous fait s'il ne plaisoit aux dieus?

That Gods would haue it so, and that our care
Could not empeach but that it must be so.
Char. Things here belowe are in the heau'ns begot,
Before they be in this our wordle borne:
And never can our weaknes turne awry
The stailes course of powerfull destenie.
Nought here, force, reason, humaine prouidence,
Holie deuotion, noble bloud, preuailes:
And Joue himselfe whose hand doth heauens rule,
Who both to Gods and men as king commaunds,
Who earth (our firme support) with plenty stores,
Moues aire and sea with twinckling of his eie,
Who all can doe, yet neuer can undoe
What once hath been by their hard lawes decreed.
When *Troian* walles, great *Neptunes* workmanship,
Enuiron'd were with *Greekes*, and Fortunes whele
Doubtfull ten yeares now to the campe did turne,
And now againe towards the towne return'd:
How many times did force and fury swell
In *Hectors* veines egging him to the spoile
Of conquer'd foes, which at his blowes did flie,
As fearfull shepe at feared wolues approche:
To saue (in vaine: for why? it would not be)
Pore walles of *Troie* from aduersaries rage,
Who died them in bloud, and cast to ground
Heaped them with bloudie burning carcases.
No, Madame, thinke that if the ancient crowne
Of your progenitors that *Nilus* rul'd,
Force take from you; the Gods haue will'd it so,
To whome oft times Princes are odiouse.
They haue to euery thing an end ordain'd;
All worldly greatnes by them bounded is;

484. Wordle — for pronunciation see Abbott § 485.
486 The stailes course — *l'inviolable cours.*
491 With plenty stores — *Bien qu'il la terre feconde — meuue* — adj. translated as verb.

Some sooner, later some, as they think best:
None their decree is able to infringe.
But, which is more, to us disastred men
Which subiect are in all things to their will,
Their will is hidd: nor while we liue, we know
How, or how long we must in life remaine.
Yet must we not for that feede on dispaire,
And make us wretched ere we wretched bee:
But alwaies hope the best, euen to the last,
That from our selues the mischief may not growe.
Then, Madame, helpe your selfe, leaue of in time
Antonies wracke, lest it your wracke procure:
Retire you from him: saue from wrathfull rage
Of angry *Caesar* both your Realme and you.
You see him lost, so as your amitie
Unto his euills can yelde no more reliefe.
You see him ruin'd, so as your support
No more hencefourth can him with comfort raise.
Withdraw you from the storme: persist not still
To loose your selfe: this royall diademe
Regaine of Caesar. *Cl.* Sooner shining light
Shall leaue the daie, and darknes leaue the night:
Sooner moist currents of tempestuous seas
Shall waue in heauen, and the nightlie troopes
Of starres shall shine within the foming waues,
Then I thee *Antonie*, leaue in depe distres.
I am with thee, be it thy worthy soule
Lodge in thy brest, or from that lodging parte
Crossing the ioyles lake to take hir place
In place prepared for men Demy-gods.
Live, if thee please, if life be lothsome, die:
Dead and alive, *Antonie*, thou shalt see
Thy princesse follow thee, folow, and lament

---

531 sq. *n'allez de vous mesme Perdre ... ce Royal diadéme: Recourez à Cesar.*

Thy wrack, no lesse her owne then was thy weale.
Char. What helps his wrack this euer-lasting loue?
Cl. Help, or help not, such must, such ought I proue.
Char. Ill done to loose your selfe, and to no ende.
Cl. How ill thinke you to follow such a frende?
Chár. But this your loue nought mitigates his paine.
Cl. Without this loue I should be inhumaine.
Char. Inhumaine he, who his owne death pursues.
Cl. Not inhumaine who miseries eschues.
Ch. Liue for your sonnes. *Cl.* Nay, for their father die.
Cha. Hard hearted mother! *Cl.* Wife kind-hearted I.
Ch. Then will you them depriue of royall right?
Cl. Do I depriue them? no, it's dest'nies might.
Ch. Do you not them depriue of heritage,
That give them up to aduersaries handes,
A man forsaken fearing to forsake.
Whome such huge numbers hold enuironned?
T'abandon one gainst whome the frowning world
Banded with *Caesar* makes conspiring warre.
Cl. The lesse ought I to leaue him le[f]t of all.
A frend in most distresse should most assist.
If that when *Antonie* great and glorious
His legions led to drinke *Euphrates* streames,
So many kings in traine redoubting him;
In triumph rais'd as high as highest heaun;
Lord-like disposing as him pleased best,
The wealth of *Greece,* the wealth of *Asia:*
In that faire fortune had I him exchaung'd
For *Caesar,* then, men would haue counted me
Faithles, unconstant, light; but now the storme,
And blustring tempest driuing on his face,
Readie to drowne, *Alas!* what would they saie?

---

560 That give *them* up — Förster's ed. *le* i. e. *le bien.*
565 left] lest Qq. Evidently a misprint; Garnier has: *Tant moins ... que tout est contre luy.*

What would him selfe in *Plutos* mansion saie?
If I, whome alwaies more then life he lou'de,
If I, who am his heart, who was his hope,
Leaue him, forsake him (and perhaps in vaine)
Weakly to please who him hath ouerthrowne?
Not light, unconstant, faithlesse should I be;
But vile, forsworne, of treachrous crueltie.
Ch. Crueltie to shunne, you selfe-cruell are.
Cl. Selfe-cruell him from crueltie to spare.
Ch. Our first affection to our selfe is due.
Cl. He is my selfe. *Ch.* Next it extendes unto
Our children, frends, and to our countrie soile.
And you for som respect of wiuelie loue,
(Albee scarce wiuelie) loose your natiue land,
Your children, frends, and (which is more) your life,
With so strong charmes doth loue bewitch our witts:
So fast in us this fire once kindled flames.
Yet if his harme by yours redresse might haue,
Cl. With mine it may be clos'de in darksome graue.
Ch. And that, as *Alcest* to hir selfe unkinde,
You might exempt him from the lawes of death.
But he is sure to die: and now his sworde
Alreadie moisted is in his warme bloude,
Helples for any succour you can bring
Against deaths stinge, which he must shortlie feele.
Then let your loue be like the loue of olde
Which *Carian* Queene did nourish in hir heart
Of hir Mausolus: builde for him a tombe
Whose statelinesse a wonder new may make.
Let him, let him haue sumtuouse funeralles:
Let graue thereon the horror of his fights:
Let earth be buri'd with unburied heaps,
Frame ther *Pharsaly*, and discoulour'd streams
Of depe *Enipeus:* frame the grassie plaine,

591 *perdez* — i. e. ruin, destroy.
610 ther] the Q 2.

Which lodg'd his campe at siege of *Mutina.*
Make all his combats and couragiouse acts:
And yearly plaies to his praise institute:
Honor his memorie: with doubled care
Breed and bring up the children of you both
In *Caesars* grace: who as a noble Prince
Will leaue them Lords of this most gloriouse realme.
Cl. What shame were that? ah Gods! what infamie?
With *Antonie* in his good happs to share,
And ouerlive him dead: deeming enough
To shed some teares upon a widdowe tombe?
The after-liuers iustly might report
That I him onlie for his empire lou'd,
And [his] high state: and that in hard estate
I for another did him lewdlie leaue?
Like to those birds wafted with wandring wings
From foraine lands in spring-time here arriue:
And liue with us so long as Somers heate,
And their foode lasts, then seke another soile.
And as we see with ceaslesse fluttering
Flocking of seely flies a brownish cloud
To vintag'd wine yet working in the tonne,
Not parting thence while they swete liquor taste:
After, as smoke, all vanish in the aire,
And of the swarme not one so much appeare.
Eras. By this sharp death what profit can you winne?
Cl. I neither gaine nor profit seke therin.
Er. What praise shall you of after-ages gett?
Cl. Nor praise, nor glory in my cares are sett.
Er. What other end ought you respect, then this?
Cl. My only ende my onely dutie is.
Er. Your dutie must upon some good be founded.
Cl. On vertue it, the onlie good, is grounded.

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625 ***his***, not in the Qq.
626 ***lewdlie*** — wickedly, orig. *mechamment.*

Er. What is that *vertue?* *Cl.* That which us beseemes.
Er. Outrage ourselues? who that beseeming deemes?
Cl. Finish I will my sorowes dieng thus.
Er. Minish you will your glories doing thus.
Cl. Good frends I praie you seeke not to reuoke
My fix'd intent of folowing *Antonie.*
I will die, I will die: must not his life,
His life and death by mine be folowed?
Meanewhile, deare sisters, liue: and while you liue,
Do often honor to our loued Tombes.
Straw them with flours: and sometimes happelie
The tender thought of *Antonie*, your Lorde,
And me poore soule to teares shall you inuite,
And our true loues your dolefull voice commend.
Ch. And thinke you, Madame, we from you will part?
Thinke you alone to feele deaths ougly darte?
Thinke you to leaue us? and that the same sunne
Shall see at once you dead, and us aliue?
Weele die with you: and *Clotho* pittilesse
Shall us with you in hellish boate imbarque:
Cl. Ah liue, I praie you: this disastred woe
Which racks my heart, alone to me belonges:
My lott longs not to you: seruants to be
No shame, no harme to you, as is to me.
Liue sisters, liue, and seeing his suspect
Hath causlesse me in sea of sorrowes drown'd,
And that I cannot liue, if so I would,
Nor yet would leaue this life, if so I could,
Without his loue: procure me, *Diomed*,
That gainst poore me he be no more incensed.
Wrest out of his conceit that harmfull doubt,
That since his wracke he hath of me conceiu'd

---

648 Spoken by Charmion in the original.
656 ***happely*** — haply.
667 ***longs*** — belongs.
669 ***suspect*** — suspicion.

Though wrong conceiu'd: witnesse you reuerent *Gods*,
Barking *Anubis, Apis* bellowing.
Tell him, my soule burning, impatient,
Forlorne with loue of him, for certaine seale
Of her true loialtie my corpse hath left,
T'encrease of dead the number numberlesse.
Go then, and if as yet he me bewaile,
If yet for me his heart one sigh fourth breathe,
Blest shall I be: and farre with more content
Depart this world, where so I me torment.
Meane season us let this sadd tombe enclose,
Attending here till death conclude our woes.
Diom. I will obey your will. *Cl.* So the desert
The Gods repay of thy true faithfull heart.
Diomed. And is't not pittie, Gods, ah Gods of heau'n!
To see from loue such hatefull frutes to spring?
And is't not pittie that this firebrand so
Laies waste the trophes of *Philippi* fieldes?
Where are those swete allurements, those swete lookes,
Which Gods them-selues right hart-sicke would haue made?
What doth that beautie, rarest guift of heau'n,
Wonder of earth? Alas! what doe those eies?
And that swete voice all *Asia* understoode,
And sunburnt *Afrike* wide in deserts spred?
Is their force dead? have they no further power?
Can not by them *Octauius* be surpriz'd?
Alas! if *Ioue* in middst of all his ire,
With thunderbolt in hand some land to plague,
Had cast his eies on my Queene, out of hande
His plaguing bolte had falne out of his hande:
Fire of his wrathe into vaine smoke should turne,
And other fire within his brest should burne.

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680 Forlorne etc. — *ardant impatiente de son amour perdue.*
687 Enclose — *entrons.*

Nought liues so faire. Nature by such a worke
Her selfe, should seme, in workmanship hath past.
She is all heau'nlie: neuer any man
But seeing hir was rauished with her sight.
The Allablaster couering of hir face,
The corall coullor hir two lipps engraines,
Her beamie eies, two Sunnes of this our world,
Of hir faire haire the fine and flaming golde,
Her braue streight stature, and hir winning partes
Are nothing else but fiers, fetters, dartes.
Yet this is nothing [to] th' enchaunting skilles
Of her caelestiall Sp'rite, hir training speache,
r Maiestie, and forcing voice,
ith fingers speach consorte,
mbassadors,
nguage make.
not at all
ve stings.

ks did flie,
ish is,

ne

She should us saftie from these ills procure.
Hir crowne to hir, and to hir race assure.
Unhappy he, in whome selfe-succour lies,
Yet selfe-forsaken wanting succour dies.

Chorus.

O swete fertile land, wherin
Phaebus did with breath inspire
Man who men did first begin,
Formed first of *Nilus* mire,
Whence of *Artes* the eldest kindes,
Earthes most heauenly ornament,
Were as from their fountaine sent,
To enlight our mistie mindes.
Whose grosse sprite from endles time,
As in darkened prison pente,
Neuer did to knowledg clime.
Wher the Nile, our father good,
Father-like doth neuer misse
Yearly us to bring such food,
As to life required is:
Visiting each yeare this plaine,
And with fatt slime cou'ring it,
Which his seauen mouthes do spitt,
As the season comes againe.
Making therby greatest growe
Busie reapers joyfull paine,
When his flouds do highest flowe.
Wandring Prince of riuers thou,
Honor of the *Aethiops* lande,
Of a Lord and master now
Thou a slaue in awe must stand.
Now of *Tiber* which is spred
Lesse in force, and lesse in fame,

---

745 *Le premier homme d'argile.*

Reuerence thou must the name,
Whome all other riuers dread,
For his children swolne in pride,
Who by conquest seeke to treade
Round this earth on euery side.
Now thou must begin to sende
Tribute of thy watrie store,
As sea pathes thy stepps shall bende,
Yearely presents more and more.
Thy fatt skumme, our frutefull corne,
Pill'd from hence with theeuish hands
All uncloth'd shall leaue our lands
Into foraine Countrie borne.
Which puft up with such a pray
Shall therby the praise adorne
Of that sceptor *Rome* doth sway.
Nought thee helps thy hornes to hide
Farre from hence in unknowne grounds,
That thy waters wander wide,
Yearely breaking bankes, and bounds,
And that thy Skie-coullor'd brookes
Through a hundred peoples passe,
Drawing plots for trees and grasse
With a thousand turn's and crookes,
Whome all weary of their way
Thy throats which in widenesse passe
Powre into their Mother Sea.
"Nought so happie haplesse life
"In this worlde as freedome findes:
"Nought wherin more sparkes are rife

778 *Par les marinieres voyes.*

781 *pill'd* — plundered. Cp. Shak. Rich. II., II, 1, 246, "The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes." Again in l. 1185.

787 hornes — branches. Cp. "With sevenfold *horns* mysterious Nile Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful soil". Dryden, trans. Virgil. Georgics III, 409.

"To inflame couragious mindes.
"But if force must us enforce
"Nedes a yoke to undergoe,
"Under foraine yoke to goe
"Still it proues a bondage worse.
"And doubled subiection
"See we shall, and feele, and knowe
"Subiect to a stranger growne.
From thence forward for a king,
Whose first being from this place
Should his brest by nature bring
Care of Countrie to embrace,
We at surly face must quake
Of some *Romaine* madly bent:
Who, our terrour to augment,
His *Proconsuls* axe will shake.
Driving with our kings frome hence
Our establish'd gouer[n]ment,
Justice, sworde, and Lawes defence.
Nothing worldly of such might
But more mightie *Destinie*,
By swift *Times* unbridled flight,
Makes in ende his ende to see.
Euery thing *Time* ouerthrowes,
Nought to ende doth stedfast staie:
His great sithe mowes all away
As the stalke of tender rose.
Onlie Immortalitie
Of the Heau'ns doth it oppose
Gainst his powerfull *Deitie*.
One daie there will come a daie
Which shall quaile thy fortunes flower,

---

810 *Qui prenant son estre icy.*

832 *quaile* — wither, crush. Cp. Tanc. and Gis. II. 3. "Virtue quail'd and vice began to grow"; also Ant. and Cleop.. V, 2, 85 "to *quail* and shake the orb."

And thee ruin'de low shall laie
In some barbarous Princes power.
When the pittie-wanting fire
Shall, *O Rome*, thy beauties burne,
And to humble ashes turne
Thy proud wealth, and rich attire,
Those guilt roofes which turretwise,
Justly making Enuie mourne,
Threaten now to pearce [the] Skies.
As thy forces fill each land
Haruests making here and there,
Reaping all with rauening hand
They finde growing any where:
From each land so to thy fall
Multitudes repaire shall make,
From the common spoile to take
What to each mans share maie fall.
Fingred all thou shalt beholde:
No iote left for tokens sake
That thou wert so great of olde.
Like unto the ancient *Troie*
Whence deriu'de thy founders be,
Conqu'ring foe shall thee enioie,
And a burning praie in thee.
For within this turning ball
This we see, and see each daie:
All things fixed ends do staie,
Ends to first beginnings fall.
And that nought, how strong or strange,
Chaungles doth endure alwaie,
But endureth fatall change.

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841 the] *om* Qq.

858 Doctrine of the Cycles. Cp. Tyler's ed. of Shakspere's Sonnets, chap. on the Philosophy of Shakspere.

Act 3.

M. Antonius. Lucilius.

M. Ant. Lucil, sole comfort of my bitter case,
The only trust, the only hope I haue,
In last despaire: Ah! is not this the daie
That death should me of life and love bereaue?
What waite I for that have no refuge left,
But am sole remnant of my fortune left?
All leaue me, flee me: none, no not of them
Which of my greatnes greatest good receiu'd,
Stands with my fall: they seeme as now asham'de
That heretofore they did me ought regarde:
They draw them back, shewing they folow'd me,
Not to partake my harm's, but coozen me.
Lu. In this our world nothing is stedfast found,
In vaine he hopes, who here his hopes doth ground.
Ant. Yet nought afflicts me, nothing killes me so,
As that I so my *Cleopatra* see
Practize with *Caesar*, and to him transport
My flame, her loue, more deare than life to me.
Lu. Beleeue it not: Too high a heart she beares,
Too Princelie thoughts. *Ant.* Too wise a head she weare[s],
Too much enflam'd with greatnes, euermore
Gaping for our great Empires gouer[n]ment.
Lu. So long time you her constant loue haue tri'de.
Ant. But still with me good fortune did abide.
Lu. Her changed loue what token makes you know?
Ant. Pelusium lost, and *Actian* overthrow.
Both by her fraud: my well appointed fleet,
And trustie Souldiors in my quarell arm'd,
Whom she, false she, in stede of my defence,
Came to persuade, to yelde them to my foe:

872 Stands with my fall — *N'assiste à ma ruine.*

Such honor *Thyre* done, such welcome giuen,
Their long close talkes I neither knew, nor would,
And treacherouse wrong *Alexas* hath me done,
Witnes to well her periur'd loue to me.
But you O Gods (if any faith regarde)
With sharpe revenge her faithles change reward.
Lu. The dole she made upon our overthrow,
Her Realme giuen up for refuge to our men,
Her poore attire when she deuoutly kept
The solemne day of her natiuitie,
Against the cost and prodigall expence
Shew'd when she did your birthday celebrate.
Do plaine enough her heart unfained proue,
Equally toucht, you louing, as you loue.
Ant. Well; be her loue to me or false, or true,
Once in my soule a cureles wound I feele.
I loue, nay burne in fire of her loue:
Each day, each night her Image haunts my minde,
Herselfe my dreames: and still I tired am,
And still I am with burning pincers nipt.
Extreame my harme: yet sweeter to my sence
Then boiling Torch of jealouse torments fire:
This grief, nay rage, in me such sturre doth kepe,
And thornes me still, both when I wake and slepe.
Take *Caesar* conquest, take my goods, take he
Th'onor to be Lord of the earth alone,
My Sonnes, my life bent headlong to mishapps:
No force, so not my *Cleopatra* take.

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894 Thyreus was a freedman of Octavius whom the latter sent to Alexandria, after the battle of Actium, to make love to Cleopatra and induce her to betray Antony. He was seized and whipped by Antony and sent back to Octavius. See Plutarch, Antony, 73 and Shakspere's Ant. and Cl. III, 12 and 13.

896 See Shaks. Ant. and Cleop. IV, 6, 12 sqq.: "Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on Affairs of Antony" etc.

921 *no force* — no matter; orig. *Ce m'est tout vn.*

So foolish I, I cannot her forget,
Though better were I banisht her my thought.
Like to the sicke, whose throte the feauers fire
Hath vehemently with thirstie drouth enflam'd,
Drinkes still, albee the drinke he still desires
Be nothing else but fewell to his flame:
He can not rule himselfe: his health's respect
Yeldeth to his distempred stomackes heate.
Lu. Leaue of this loue, that thus renewes your woe.
Ant. I do my best, but ah! can not do so.
Lu. Thinke how you have so braue a captaine bene,
And now are by this vaine affection falne.
Ant. The ceasles thought of my felicitie
Plunges me more in this aduersitie.
For nothing so a man in ill torments,
As who to him his good state represents.
This makes my rack, my anguish, and my woe
Equall unto the hellish passions growe,
When I to minde my happie puisance call
Which erst I had by warlike conquest wonne,
And that good fortune which me neuer left,
Which hard disastre now hath me bereft.
With terror tremble all the world I made
At my sole worde, as Rushes in the streames
At waters will: I conquer'd Italie,
I conquer'd *Rome*, that Nations so redoubt.
I bare (meane while besieging *Mutina*)
Two Consuls armies for my ruine brought,
Bath'd in their bloud, by their deaths witnessing
My force and skill in matters Martiall.

936—37 *Dante*, Inferno V, 121 sqq.: Nessun maggior dolore Che ricordarsi del tempo felice Nella miseria. Also *Boethius* De Consolatione Philosophiae liber II. *Chaucer* Troilus and Cressida Bk. III. ll. 1577—79. *Tennyson* Locksley Hall l. 75.

938 *rack* — torment.

947 *Et nostre Rome au peuple redouté.*

948 *J'ay soustenu . . . L'effort de deux Consuls.*

To wreake thy unkle, unkinde *Caesar*, I
With bloud of enemies the bankes embru'd
Of stain'd *Enipeus*, hindering his course
Stopped with heapes of piled carcases:
When *Cassius* and *Brutus* ill betide
Marcht against us, by us twise put to flight,
But by my sole conduct: for all the time
Caesar heart-sicke with feare and feauer laie.
Who knowes it not? and how by euery one
Fame of the fact was giu'n to me alone.
There sprang the loue, the neuer changing loue,
Wherin my hart hath since to yours bene bound:
There was it, my *Lucil*, you *Brutus* sau'de,
And for your *Brutus Antonie* you found.
Better my happ in gaining such a frende,
Then in subduing such an enemie.
Now former vertue dead doth me forsake,
Fortune engulfes me in extreame distresse:
She turnes from me her smiling countenance,
Casting on me mishapp upon mishapp,
Left and betraide[:] of thousand thousand frends,
Once of my sute, but you Lucil are left,
Remaining to me stedfast as a tower
In holy loue, in spite of fortunes blastes.
But if of any God my voice be heard,
And be not vainely scatt'red in the heau'ns,
Such goodnes shall not glorilesse be loste,
But comming ages still therof shall boste.
Lu. Men in their frendship euer should be one,
And neuer ought with fickle Fortune shake,
Which still remoues, nor will, nor knowes the way,

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952 ***wreake*** — revenge. Cp. Spenser F. Q. I, 8, 43 and I, 12, 16: "Wrathful wreakes" — acts of vengeance.

956 ***betide*** — i. e. betid; ill betide = *infortunez.*

964 Sqq. Cf. Shakspere, Caesar V, 4, where Lucilius, pretending to be Brutus, is taken prisoner by Mark Antony's party.

Her rowling bowle in one sure state to staie.
Wherfore we ought as borrow'd things receiue
The goods light she lends us to pay againe:
Not holde them sure, nor on them builde our hopes
As on such goods as cannot faile, and fall:
But thinke againe, nothing is dureable,
Vertue except, our neuer failing boste:
So bearing saile when fauouring windes do blowe,
As frowning Tempests may us least dismaie
When they on us do fall: not ouer-glad
With good estate, nor ouer-grieu'd with bad.
Resist mishap. *Ant.* Alas! it is too stronge.
Mishappes oft times are by some comfort borne;
But these, ay me! whose weights oppresse my hart,
Too heauie lie, no hope can them relieue.
There rests no more, but that with cruell blade
For lingring death a hastie waie be made.
Lu. Caesar, as heire unto his Fathers state:
So will his Fathers goodnes imitate,
To you warde: whome he know's allied in bloud,
Allied in mariage, ruling equallie
Th' Empire with him; and with him making warre
Haue purg'd the earth of *Caesars* murtherers.
You into portions parted haue the world
Euen like coheir's their heritages parte:
And now with one accord so many yeares
In quiet peace both haue your charges rul'd.
Ant. Bloud and alliance nothing do preuaile
To coole the thirst of hote ambitious breasts:
The sonne his Father hardly can endure,
Brother his brother, in one common Realme.

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985 ***light she*** changeful, uncertain she: *qu'elle preste legere.*
987 on] one Q 1.
989 Neuer failing boste — *hostesse asseuree.* Did not Lady Pembroke write *hoste?*

So feruent this desier to commaund:
Such jealousie it kindleth in our hearts.
Sooner will men permit another should
Loue her they loue, then weare the Crown they weare.
All lawes it breakes, turns all things upside downe:
Amitie, kindred, nought so holie is
But it defiles. A monarchie to gaine
None cares which way, so he maie it obtaine.
Lu. Suppose he Monarch be and that this world
No more acknowledg sundrie Emperours,
That *Rome* him onelie feare, and that he ioyne
The East with west, and both at once do rule:
Why should he not permitt you peaceablie
Discharg'd of charge and Empires dignitie,
Private to liue reading *Philosophie*,
In learned Greece, Spaine, Asia, anie lande?
Ant. Neuer will he his Empire thinke assur'de
While in this world *Marke Antonie* shall liue.
Sleeples Suspicion, Pale distrust, colde feare
Alwaies to princes companie do beare,
Bred of Reports: reports, which night and day,
Perpetuall guests, from Court go not away.
Lu. He hath not slaine your brother *Lucius*,
Nor shortned hath the age of *Lepidus*,
Albeit both into his hands were falne,
And he with wrath against them both enflam'd.
Yet one, as Lord in quiet rest doth beare
The greatest sway in great Iberia:
The other with his gentle Prince retaines
Of highest Priest the sacred dignitie.
Ant. He feares not them, their feeble force he knowes.
Lu. He feares no vanquisht ouerfill'd with woes.

1014 The French original reads: "Tant cet ardant desir de commander est grand."

1020 The original has a different construction. See Förster's ed.

Ant. Fortune may change againe. *L.* A down-cast foe
Can hardlie rise, which once is brought so lowe.
Ant. All that I can, is done: for last assay
(When all means fail'd) I to entreatie fell,
(Ah coward creature!) whence againe repulst
Of combate I unto him proffer made:
Though he in prime, and I by feeble age
Mightily weakned both in force and skill.
Yet could not he his coward heart aduaunce,
Baselie affraid to trie so praisefull chaunce.
This makes me plaine, makes me myselfe accuse,
Fortune in this hir spitefull force doth use
Gainst my gray hayres: in this unhappie I
Repine at heau'ns in my happes pittiles.
A man, a woman both in might and minde,
In Marses schole who neuer lesson learn'd,
Should me repulse, chase, ouerthrow, destroie,
Me of such fame, bring to so lowe an ebbe:
Alcides bloud, who from my infancie
With happie prowesse crowned haue my praise.
Witnesse thou *Gaule* unus'd to seruile yoke,
Thou valiant *Spaine*, you fields of Thessalie
With millions of mourning cries bewail'd,
Twise watred now with bloude of *Italie*.
Lu. Witnesse may *Afrique*, and of conquer'd world
All fower quarters witnesses may be.
For in what part of earth inhabited,
Hungrie of praise haue you not ensignes spredd?
An. Thou know'st rich *Aegypt* (*Aegypt* of my deeds
Faire and foule subject) *Aegypt* ah! thou knowst
How I behav'd me fighting for thy kinge,
When I regainde him his rebellious Realme:
Against his foes in battaile shewing force,
And after fight in victorie remorse.

1061 Marses] Mars his Q 2.

Yet if to bring my glorie to the ground,
Fortune had made me ouerthrowne by one
Of greater force, of better skill then I;
One of those Captaines feared so of olde,
Camill, Marcellus, worthy *Scipio*,
This late great *Caesar*, honor of our state,
Or that great *Pompei* aged growne in armes;
That after haruest of a world of men
Made in a hundred battailes, fights, assaults,
My bodie thorow pearst with push of pike
Had vomited my bloud, in bloud my life,
In midd'st of millions felowes in my fall:
The lesse hir wrong, the lesse should [be] my woe:
Nor she should paine, nor I complaine me so.
No, no, wheras I should haue died in armes,
And vanquisht oft new armies should haue arm'd,
New battailes giuen, and rather lost with me
All this whole world submitted unto me:
A man who neuer saw enlaced pikes
With bristled pointes against his stomake bent,
Who feares the field, and hides him cowardly
Dead at the verie noise the souldiors make.
His vertue, fraude, deceit, malicious guile,
His armes, the arts that false *Ulisses* us'de,
Knowne at Modena, wher the *Consuls* both
Death-wounded were, and wounded by his men
To gett their armie, warre with it to make
Against his faith, against his countrie soile.
Of Lepidus, which to his succours came,
To honor whome he was by dutie bounde,

1092 be] omitted Q 1 and Q 2. — Ll. 1092 and 1093 are not in Garnier.
1097 Je deuois . . . perdre . . . Plustost le monde entier, qu'il me soumist à soy! Perhaps the worst error in the entire translation.
1102 *La fraude est sa vertu, la ruse et la malice.*
1104 *A Modene conneus par les Consuls.*
1107 Against his faith — *Contre sa foy promise.*

The Empire he usurpt: corrupting first
With baites and bribes the most part of his men.
Yet me hath ouercome, and made his pray,
And state of *Rome*, with me hath ouercome.
Strange! one disordred act at *Actium*
The earth subdu'de, my glorie hath obscur'd.
For since, as one whome heauens wrath attaints,
With furie caught, and more than furious,
Vex'd with my *euills*, I neuer more had care
My armies lost, or lost name to repaire:
I did no more resist. *Lu.* All warres affaires,
But battailes most, daily haue their successe
Now good, now ill: and though that fortune haue
Great force and power in euery worldlie thing,
Rule all, do all, haue all things fast enchaind
Unto the circle of hir turning wheele:
Yet seemes it, more then any practice else
She doth frequent *B[e]llonas* bloudie trade:
And that hir fauour, wauering as the wind,
Hir greatest power therin doth oftnest shewe.
Whence growes, we dailie see, who in their youth
Gatt honor ther, do loose it in their age,
Vanquisht by some lesse warlike then themselues:
Whome yet a meaner man shall ouerthrowe.
Hir use is not to lende us still her hande,
But sometimes headlong back againe to throwe,
When by hir fauor she hath us extolld
Unto the topp of highest happines.
Ant. Well ought I curse within my grieued soule,
Lamenting daie and night, this sencelesse loue,
Whereby my faire entising foe entrap'd
~~My hedelesse~~ *Reason*, could no more escape.
It was not fortunes euer chaunging face,

1127 Bellonas] Ballonas Q 1. Cp. l. 1355.
1141 *Ma peu caute raison, qui depuis n'eschapa.*

It was not Dest'nies chaungles violence
Forg'd my mishap. Alas! who doth not know
They make, nor marre, nor any thing can doe.
Fortune, which men so feare, adore, detest,
Is but a chaunce whose cause unknow'n doth rest.
Although oft times the cause is well perceiv'd,
But not th'effect the same that was conceiu'd.
Pleasure, nought else, the plague of this our life,
Our life which still a thousand plagues pursue,
Alone hath me this strange disastre spunne,
Falne from a souldior to a Chamberer,
Careles of vertue, careles of all praise.
Nay, as the fatted swine in filthy mire
With glutted heart I wallow'd in delights,
All thoughts of honor troden under foote.
So I me lost: for finding this swete cupp
Pleasing my tast, unwise I drunke my fill,
And through the swetenes of that poisons power
By stepps I draue my former witts astraie,
I made my frends, offended me forsake,
I holpe my foes against my selfe to rise,
I robd my subjects, and for followers
I saw my selfe besett with flatterers.
Mine idle armes faire wrought with spiders worke,
My scattred men without their ensignes strai'd:
Caesar meane while who neuer would have dar'de
To cope with me, me sodainlie despis'de,
Tooke hart to fight, and hop'de for victorie
On one so gone, who glorie had forgone.
Lu. Enchaunting pleasure, *Venus* swete delights
Weaken our bodies, ouer-cloud our sprights,
Trouble our reason, from our harts out chase
All holie vertues lodging in their place.
Like as the cunning fisher takes the fishe

1171 Cp. Hamlet II, 2, 190, "He is far *gone*."

By traitor baite wherby the hooke is hidde:
So *Pleasure* serves to vice in steede of foode
To baite our soules theron too licourishe.
This poison deadlie is alike to all,
But on great kings doth greatest outrage worke,
Taking the Roiall scepters from their hands,
Thenceforward to be by some straunger borne:
While that their people charg'd with heauy loades
Their flatt'rers pill, and suck their mary drie,
Not ru'lde but left to great men as a pray,
While thus fonde Prince himselfe in pleasur's drowns:
Who heares nought, sees nought, doth nought of a king,
Seeming himselfe against himselfe conspirde.
Then equall Justice wandreth banished,
And in hir seat sitts greedie Tyrannie.
Confus'd disorder troubleth all estates,
Crimes without feare and outrages are done.
Then mutinous Rebellion shewes hir face,
Now hid with this, and now with that pretence,
Prouoking enimies, which on each side
Enter at ease, and make them Lords of all.
The hurtfull workes of pleasure here behold.
An. The wolfe is not so hurtfull to the folde,
Frost to the grapes, to ripened fruits the raine:
As pleasure is to Princes full of paine.
Lu. Ther nedes no proofe, but by th'*Assirian* kinge,
On whome that Monster woefull wrack did bring.
An. Ther nedes no proofe, but by unhappie I,
Who lost my empire, honor, life therby.
Lu. Yet hath this ill so much the greater force,
As scarcelie anie do against it stand:

1179 *licourishe* — keenly desirous. Cp. Sir P. Sidney — "It is never tongue-tied when fit commendation wherof womankind is so *lickerish* is offered unto it."

1185 *mary*, another form of marrow. Cp. Chaucer, Boethius III, 2, "Righte soft as the mary that is alway hid in the feete" etc.

No, not the Demy-gods the olde world knew,
Who all subdu'de, could Pleasures power subdue.
Great *Hercules*, (*Hercules*) once that was
Wonder of earth and heau'n, matchles in might,
Who *Anteus, Lycus, Geryon* ouercame,
Who drew from hell the triple-headed dogg,
Who *Hydra* kill'd, vanquishd *Achelous,*
Who heau'ns weight on his strong shoulders bare:
Did he not under *Pleasures* burthen bow?
Did he not Captiue to this passion yelde,
When by his Captiue, so he was enflam'de,
As now your selfe in *Cleopatra* burne?
Slept in hir lapp, hir bosome kist and kiste,
With base unseemlie seruice bought her loue,
Spinning at distaffe, and with sinewy hand
Winding on spindles threde, in maides attire?
His conqu'ring clubbe at rest on wal did hang:
His bow unstringd he bent not as he us'de:
Upon his shafts the weauing spiders spunne:
And his hard cloake the freating mothes did pierce.
The monsters free and fearles all the time
Throughout the world the people did torment,
And more and more encreasing daie by day
Scorn'd his weake heart become a mistresse plaie.
An. In onelie this like *Hercules* am I,
Of this I proue me of his lignage right:
In this himselfe, his deedes I shew in this,
In this, nought else, my ancestor he is.
But goe we: die I must, and with braue ende
Conclusion make of all foregoing harmes:
Die, die I must: I must a noble death,
A glorious death unto my succor call:
I must deface the shame of time abus'd,
I must adorne the wanton loues I us'de

1227 *freating* — Cp. Ps. XXXIV, 12, "Like as it were a moth *fretting* a garment."

With some couragiouse act: that my last daie
By mine owne hand my spotts may wash away.
Come deare Lucill: alas! why wepe you thus!
This mortall lot is common to us all.
We must all die, each doth in homage owe
Unto that God that shar'd the Realmes belowe.
Ah sigh no more: alas: appeace your woes,
For by your griefe my griefe more eager growes.

Chorus.

Alas, with what tormenting fire
Us martireth this blinde desire
To staie our life from flieng!
How ceasleslie our minds doth rack,
How heauie lies upon our back
This dastard feare of dieng!
Death rather healthfull succor giues,
Death rather all mishapps relieues
That life upon us throweth:
And euer to us doth unclose
The doore, wherby from curelesse woes
Our wearie soule out goeth.
What Goddesse else more milde then shee
To burie all our paine can be,
What remedie more pleasing?
Our pained hearts when dolor stings,
And nothing rest, or respite brings,
What help haue we more easing?
Hope which to us doth comfort giue,
And doth o[u]r fainting hearts reuiue,
Hath not such force in anguish:
For promising a vaine reliefe
She oft us failes in midst of griefe,
And helples letts us languish.
But Death who call on her at nede

1269 our] or Q 1.

Doth never with vaine semblant feed,
But when them sorow paineth,
So riddes their soules of all distresse,
Whose heauie weight did them oppresse,
That not one griefe remaineth.
Who fearles and with courage bolde
Can *Acherons* black face beholde,
Which muddie water beareth:
And crossing ouer, in the way
Is not amazed at Perruque gray
Olde rustie *Charon* weareth:
Who voide of dread can looke upon
The dreadfull shades that rome alone
On bankes where found no voices:
Whom with her fire-brands and her snakes
No whit afraide *Alecto* makes,
Nor triple-barking noyses:
Who freely can himselfe dispose
Of that last hower which all must close,
And leaue this life at pleasure:
This noble freedome more esteemes,
And in his hart more precious deemes,
Then Croun and kingly treasure.
The waues which *Boreas* blasts turmoile
And cause with foaming furie boile,
Make not his heart to tremble:
Nor brutish broile, when with strong head
A rebell people madly ledde
Against their Lords assemble:
Nor fearfull face of Tirant wood,
Who breaths but threats, and drinks but bloud,
No, nor the hand which thunder,
The hand of *Jove* which thunder beares,
And ribbs of rocks in sunder teares,
Teares mountains sides in sunder:

1287 rome] Rome Q 2.

Nor bloudie *Marses* butchering bands,
Whose lightnings desert laie the lands
Whome dustie clouds do couer:
From of whose armour sun-beames flie,
And under them make quaking lie
The plaines wheron they houer:
Nor yet the cruell murth'ring blade
Warm in the moistie bowells made
Of people pell mell dieng,
In some great Cittie put to sack,
By sauage Tirant brought to wrack,
At his colde mercie lieng.
How abiect him, how base think I,
Who wanting courage can not dye
When need him therto calleth?
From whom the dagger drawne to kill
The curelesse griefes that vexe him still
For feare and faintnes falleth?
O *Antonie* with thy deare mate
Both in misfortunes fortunate!
Whose thoughts to death aspiring
Shall you protect from victors rage,
Who on each side doth you encage,
To triumph much desiring.
That *Caesar* may not you offend
Nought else but Death can you defend,
Which his weake force derideth,
And all in this round earth containd,
Power'les on them whom once enchaind
Auernus prison hideth:
Where great *Psammetiques* ghost doth rest,
Not with infernall paine possest,
But in swete fields detained:
And olde Amasis soule likewise,
And all our famous *Ptolemies*
That whilome on us raigned.

Act 4.

Caesar. Agrippa. Dircetus the Messenger.

Caesar. You euer-living Gods which all things holde
Within the power of your celestiall hands,
By whom heate, colde, the thunder, and the winde,
The properties of enterchaunging months
Their course and being haue: which do set doune
Of Empires by your destinied decree
The force, age, time, and subject to no chaunge
Chaunge all, reseruing nothing in one state:
You haue aduanst as high as thundring heau'n
The *Romains* greatnes by *Bellonas* might:
Mastring the world with fearfull violence,
Making the world widow of libertie.
Yet at this daie this proud exalted *Rome*
Despoil'd, captiu'd at one mans will doth bende:
Her Empire mine, her life is in my hand,
As Monarch I both world and *Rome* command;
Do all, can all: fourth my commaund'ment cast
Like thundring fire from one to other Pole
Equall to Iove: bestowing by my worde
Happes and mishappes, as Fortunes King and Lord.
No Towne there is, but up my Image settes,
But sacrifice to me doth dayly make:
Wh[e]ther where *Phaebus* ioyne his morning steedes,
Or where the night them weary entertaines,
Or where the heat the *Garaments* doth scorche,
Or where the colde from *Boreas* breast is blowne:
All *Caesar* do both awe and honor beare,
And crowned Kings his verie name do feare.
Antonie knowes it well, for whom not one
Of all the Princes all this earth do rule,
Armes against me: for all redoubt the power

1368 Whether] whither Q 1.

Which heau'nly powers on earth haue made me beare.
Antonie, he poore man with fire enflam'de
A womans beauties kindled in his heart,
Rose against me, who longer could not beare
My sisters wrong he did so ill entreat:
Seing her left while that his leud delights
Her husband with his *Cleopatra* tooke
In *Alexandrie*, where both nights and daies
Their time they pass'd in nought but loues and plaies.
All *Asias* forces into one he drewe,
And forth he sett upon the azur'd waues
A thousand and a thousand Shipps, which fill'd
With Souldiors, pikes, with targets, arrowes, darts,
Made *Neptune* quake and all the watrie troupes
Of *Glauques*, and *Tritons* lodg'd at *Actium*.
But mightie Gods, who still the force withstand
Of him who causles doth another wrong,
In lesse then moments space redus'd to nought
All that proud power by Sea or land he brought.
Agr. Presumptuouse pride of high and hawtie sprite,
Voluptuose care of fonde and foolish loue,
Haue iustly wrought his wrack: who thought he helde
(By ouerweening) Fortune in his hand.
Of us he made no count, but as to play,
So fearles came our forces to assay.
So sometimes fell to Sonnes of Mother Earth,
Which crawl'd to heau'n warre on the Gods to make,
Olymp on *Pelion*, *Ossa* on *Olymp*,
Pindus on *Ossa* loading by degrees:
That at hand strokes with mightie clubbes they might
On mossie rocks the Gods make tumble downe:
When mightie Ioue with burning anger chaf'd,
. . . . . .

1409 This line is missing in the translation. The original reads "*Maint trait de foudre aigu desserra sur Typhé.*"

Disbraind with him *Gyges* and *Briareus*,
Blunting his darts upon their brused bones.
For no one thing the Gods can lesse abide
In dedes of men, then Arrogance and Pride.
And still the proud, which too much takes in hand,
Shall fowlest fall, where best he thinks to stand.
Caes. Right as some Palace, or some stately tower,
Which ouer-lookes the neighbour buildings round
In scorning wise, and to the Starres up growes,
Which in short time his owne weight ouerthrowes.
What monstrous pride, nay what impietie
Incenst him onward to the Gods disgrace?
When his two children, *Cleopatras* bratts,
To *Phaebe* and her brother he compar'd,
Latonas race, causing them to be call'd
The Sunne and Moone? Is not this folie right?
And is not this the Gods to make his foes?
And is not this himselfe to worke his woes?
Agr. In like proud sort he caus'd his head to leese
The Jewish king *Antigonus*, to haue
His Realme for balme, that Cleopatra lou'd,
As though on him he had some treason prou'd.
Caes. Lydia to her, and *Siria* he gaue,
Cyprus of golde, *Arabia* rich of smelles,
And to his children more, *Cilicia*,
Parths, Medes, Armenia, Phaenicia:
The kings of kings proclaiming them to be,
By his owne worde, as by a sound decree.
Agr. What? Robbing his owne countrie of her due
Triumph'd he not in *Alexandria*,
Of *Artabasus* the *Armenian* king,
Who yelded on his periur'd word to him?
Caes. Nay neuer Rome more iniuries receiu'd,
Since thou, ô Romulus, by flight of birds

1410 Him i. e. *Typhé* of line 1409.

With happy hand the Romain walles did'st build,
Then Antonies fond loues to it hath done.
Nor euer warre more holie, nor more iust,
Nor undertaken with more hard constraint,
Then is this warre: which were it not, our state
Within small time all dignitie should loose:
Though I lament (thou Sunne my witnes art,
And thou great *Ioue*) that it so deadly proues:
That *Romain* bloud should in such plentie flowe,
Watring the fields and pastures where we goe.
What *Carthage* in olde hatred obstinate,
What *Gaule* still barking at our rising state,
What rebell *Samnite*, what fierce *Pyrrhus* power,
What cruell *Mithridate*, what *Parth* hath wrought
Such woe to *Rome*? whose common wealth he had,
(Had he bene victor) into *Egipt* brought.
Agr. Surely the Gods, which have this Cittie built
Stedfast to stand as long as time endures,
Which kepe the Capitoll, of us take care,
And care will take of those shall after come,
Haue made you victor, that you might redresse
Their honor growne by passed mischieues lesse.
Caes. The seelie man when all the Greekish Sea
His fleete had hidd, in hope me sure to drowne,
Me battaile gaue: where fortune, in my stede,
Repulsing him his forces disaraied.
Him selfe tooke flight, soone as his lõue he saw
All wanne through feare with full sailes flie away.
His men though lost, whome none did now direct,
With courage fought fast grappled shipp with shipp,
Charging, resisting, as their oares would serue,
With darts, with swords, with Pikes, with fierie flames.
So that the darkned night her starrie vaile

1458 sq. *il eust sa republique . . . fait . . . Canopique.*
1465 The seelie man — *le miserable.*
1466 to drowne — *pour m'abysmer.*

Upon the bloudie sea had ouer-spread,
Whilst yet they held: and hardlie, hardlie then
They fell to flieng on the wauie plaine.
All full of Souldiors ouerwhelm'd with waues:
The aire throughout with cries and grones did sound:
The Sea did blush with bloud: the neighbor shores
Groned, as they with shipwracks pestred were,
And floting bodies left for pleasing foode
To birds, and beasts, and fishes of the sea.
You know it well Agrippa. *Ag.* Mete it was
The *Romain* Empire so should ruled be,
As heau'n is rul'd: which turning ouer us,
All under things by his example turnes.
Now as of heau'n one onely Lord we know:
One onely Lord should rule this earth below.
When one self pow're is common made to two,
Their duties they nor suffer will, nor doe.
In quarell still, in doubt, in hate, in feare;
Meane while the people all the smart do beare.
Caes. Then to the ende none, while my daies endure,
Seeking to raise himselfe may succours finde,
We must with bloud marke this our victorie,
For iust example to all memorie.
Murther we must, untill not one we leaue,
Which may hereafter us of rest bereaue.
Ag. Marke it with murthers? who of that can like?
Caes. Murthers must use, who doth assurance seeke.
Ag. Assurance call you enemies to make?
Caes. I make no such, but such away I take.
Ag. Nothing so much as rigour doth displease.
Caes. Nothing so much doth make me liue at ease.
Ag. What ease to him that feared is of all?
Caes. Feared to be, and see his foes to fall.
Ag. Commonly feare doth brede and nourish hate.

1493 Ne se peuvent souffrir ny faire leur devoir.

Caes. Hate without pow'r, comes commonly too late.
Ag. A feared Prince hath oft his death desir'd:
Caes. A Prince not feared hath oft his wrong conspir'd.
Ag. No guard so sure, no forte so strong doth proue,
No such defence, as is the peoples loue.
Caes. Nought more unsure, more weak, more like the winde,
Then Peoples fauor still to chaunge enclinde.
Ag. Good Gods! what loue to gracious Prince men beare!
Caes. What honor to the Prince that is seuere!
Ag. Nought more diuine then is *Benignitie.*
Caes. Nought likes the Gods as doth *Seueritie.*
Ag. Gods all forgiue. *Caes.* On faults they paines do laie.
Ag. And giue their goods. *Caes.* Oft times they take away.
Ag. They wreake them not, ô Caesar, at each time
That by our sinnes they are to wrath prouok'd.
Neither must you (beleue, I humblie praie)
Your victorie with crueltie defile.
The Gods it gaue, it must not be abus'd,
But to the good of all men mildlie us'd,
And they be thank'd: that hauing giu'n you grace
To raigne alone, and rule this earthlie masse,
They may hence-forward hold it still in rest,
All scattred power united in one brest.
Caes. But what is he that breathles comes so fast,
Approaching us, and going in such hast?
Ag. He semes affraid: and under his arme I
(But much I erre) a bloudie sworde espie.
Caes. I long to understand what it may be.
Ag. He hither comes: it's best we stay and see.
Dirce. What good God now my voice will reenforce,
That tell I may to rocks, and hilles, and woods,
To waues of sea, which dash upon the shore,
To earth, to heau'n, the woefull newes I bring?

Ag. What Sodaine chaunce thee towards us hath brought?
Dir. A lamentable chance. O wrath of heau'ns!
O Gods too pittiles! *Caes.* What monstrous happ
Wilt thou recount? *Dir.* Alas too hard mishapp!
When I but dreame of what mine eies beheld,
My hart doth freeze, my limmes do quiuering quake,
I fenceles stand, my brest with tempest tost
Killes in my throte my wordes, ere fully borne.
Dead, dead he is: be sure of what I say,
This murthering sword hath made the man away.
Caes. Alas my heart doth cleaue, pittie me rackes,
My breast doth pant to heare this dolefull tale.
Is *Antonie* then dead? To death, alas!
I am the cause despaire him so compelld.
But souldiour of his death the maner showe,
And how he did this liuing light forgoe.
Dir. When *Antonie* no hope remaining saw
How warre he might, or how agreement make,
Saw him betraid by all his men of warre
In euery fight as well by sea, as lande;
That not content to yeld them to their foes
They also came against himselfe to fight:
Alone in Court he gan himself torment,
Accuse the Queene, himselfe of hir lament,
Call'd hir untrue and traytresse, as who sought
To yeld him up she could no more defend:
That in the harmes which for hir sake he bare,
As in his blissfull state, she might not share.
But she againe, who much his furie fear'd,
Gatt to the Tombes, darke horrors dwelling place:
Made lock the doores, and pull the hearses downe.
Then fell shee wretched, with hir selfe to fight.
A thousand plaints, a thousand sobbes she cast
From hir weake brest, which to the bones was torne.

1569 *Le liurer à ceux-là que vaincre elle ne peut.*
1574 *hearses* — O. F. herce, a harrow, a grated portcullis.

Of women hir the most unhappie call'd,
Who by hir loue, her woefull loue, had lost
Hir realme, hir life, and more, the loue of him,
Who while he was, was all hir woes support.
But that she faultles was she did inuoke
For witnes heau'n, and aire, and earth, and sea,
Then sent him worde, she was no more aliue,
But lay inclosed dead within hir Tombe.
This he beleeu'd; and fell to sigh and grone,
And crost his armes, then this began to mone.
Caes. Poore hopeles man! *Dir.* What dost thou more attend!
Ah *Antonie!* why dost thou death deferre:
Since *Fortune* thy professed enimie,
Hath made to die, who only made thee liue?
Soon as with sighes he had these words up clos'd,
His armor he unlaste, and cast it of,
Then all disarm'd he thus againe did say:
My queene, my heart, the grief that now I feele,
Is not that I your eies, my Sunne, do loose,
For soon againe one Tombe shal us conioyne:
I griue, whom men so valorous did deeme,
Should now, then you, of lesser valor seeme.
So said, forthwith he *Eros* to him call'd,
Eros his man; summond him on his faith
To kill him at his nede. He tooke the sworde,
And at that instant stab'd therwith his breast,
And ending life, fell dead before his fete.
O *Eros* thankes (quoth *Antonie*) for this
Most noble acte, who pow'rles me to kill,
On thee hast done, what I on mee should doe.
Of speaking thus he scarce had made an ende,
And taken up the bloudie sword from ground,
But he his bodie piers'd; and of redd bloud
A gushing fountaine all the chamber fill'd.

1587 *this* — thus? Original: *commence ainsi à dire.*

He staggred at the blowe, his face grew pale,
And on a couche all feeble downe he fell,
Swounding with anguish: deadly cold him tooke,
As if his soule had then his lodging left.
But he reuiu'd, and marking all our eies
Bathed in teares, and how our breasts we beatt
For pittie, anguish, and for bitter griefe,
To see him plong'd in extreame wretchednes:
He prai'd us all to haste his lingr'ing death:
But no man willing, each himselfe withdrew.
Then fell he new to crie and vexe himselfe,
Untill a man from *Cleopatra* came,
Who said from hir he had commaundement
To bring him to hir to the monument.
The poore soule at these words euen rapt with Joy
Knowing she liu'd, prai'd us him to conuey
Unto his Ladie. Then upon our armes
We bare him to the Tombe but entred not.
For she, who feared captiue to be made,
And that she should to *Rome* in triumph goe,
Kept close the gate: but from a window high
Cast downe a corde, wherin he was impackt.
Then by hir womens help the corps she rais'd,
And by strong armes into hir windowe drew.
So pittifull a sight was neuer sene.
Little and little Antonie was pull'd,
Now breathing death: his beard was all unkempt,
His face and brest all bathed in his bloud.
So hideous yet, and dieng as he was,
His eies half-closed uppon the Queene he cast:
Held up his hands, and holpe himself to raise,
But still with weakenes back his bodie fell.
The miserable ladie with moist eies,
With haire which careles on hir forhead hong,

1614 Swounding] sounding Q 2.
1634 help] helpt Q 1.

With brest which blowes had bloudilie benumb'd,
With stooping head, and bodie down-ward bent,
Enlast hir on the corde, and with all force
This life-dead man couragiously uprais'de.
The bloud with paine unto hir face did flowe,
Hir sinewes stiff, her selfe did breathles growe.
The people which beneath in flocks beheld,
Assisted her with gesture, speech, desire:
Cri'de and incourag'd her, and in their soules
Did sweate, and labor, no white lesse then shee.
Who neuer tir'd in labor, held so long
Helpt by hir women, and hir constant heart,
That *Antonie* was drawne into the tombe,
And ther (I thinke) of dead augments the summe.
The Cittie all to teares and sighes is turn'd,
To plaints and outcries horrible to heare:
Men, women, children, hoary-headed age
Do all pell mell in house and strete lament,
Scratching their faces, tearing of their haire,
Wringing their hands, and martyring their brests.
Extreame their dole: and greater misery
In sacked townes can hardlie euer be.
Not if the fire had scal'de the highest towers:
That all things were of force and murther full;
That in the streets the bloud in riuers stream'd;
The sonne his sire saw in his bosome slaine,
The sire his sonne; the husband reft of breath
In his wives armes, who furious runnes to death.
Now my brest wounded with their piteouse plaints
I left their towne, and tooke with me this sworde,
Which I tooke up at that time *Antonie*
Was from his chamber caried to the tombe:
And brought it you, to make his death more plaine,
And that therby my words may credite gaine.
Caes. Ah Gods what cruell happ! poore *Antonie*,
Alas hast thou this sword so long time borne

Against thy foe, that in the end it should
Of thee, his Lord, the cursed murthe'rer be?
O Death how I bewaile thee! we (alas!)
So many warres have ended, brothers, frends,
Companions, coozens, equalls in estate:
And must it now to kill thee be my fate.
Ag. Why trouble you your selfe with bootles griefe?
For *Antonie* why spend you teares in vaine?
Why darken you with dole your victorie?
Me seemes your self your glorie do enuie.
Enter the towne, giue thankes unto the Gods.
Caes. I cannot but his tearefull chaunce lament,
Although not I, but his owne pride the cause,
And unchaste loue of this *Aegyptian.*
Agr. But best we sought into the tombe to gett,
Lest she consume in this amazed case
So much rich treasure, with which happelie
Despaire in death may make hir feed the fire:
Suffring the flames hir Jewells to deface,
You to defraud, hir funerall to grace.
Sende then to hir, and let some meane be us'd
With some deuise so holde hir still aliue,
Some faire large promises: and let then marke
Whither they may by some fine conning slight
Enter the tombes. *Caesar.* Let *Proculeius* goe,
And fede with hope hir soule disconsolate,
Assure hir so, that we may wholie gett
Into our hands hir treasure and hir selfe.
For this of all things most I doe desire
To kepe hir safe untill our going hence:

1683 murth'rer Q 2.
1686 *coozens* — here used in the old sense of relative — Cp. Shak. Rich. III, 3, 4, "My noble lords and *cousins* all."
1703 We have almost certainly to read: *to holde*; the original has: *qu'on essaye De retenir sa vie.*

That by hir presence beautified may be
The glorious triumph *Rome* prepares for me.

Chorus of Romaine Souldiors.

Shall euer ciuile bate
Gnaw and deuour our state?
Shall neuer we this blade,
Our bloud hath bloudie made,
Lay downe? these armes downe lay
As robes we weare alway?
But as from age to age,
So passe from rage to rage?
Our hands shall we not rest
To bath in our owne brest?
And shall thick in each land
Our wretched trophees stand,
To tell posteritie
What madd Impietie
Our stonie Stomakes ledd
Against the place us bredd?
Then still must heau'n view
The plagues that us pursue:
And euery where descrie
Heaps of us scattred lie,
Making the straunger plaines
Fatt with our bleeding raines,
Proud that on them their graue
So manie legions haue.
And with our fleshes still
Neptune his fishes fill
And, dronke with bloud, from blue
The sea take blushing hue:
As iuice of Tyrian shell,
When clarified well
To wolle of finest fields

A purple glosse it yelds.
But since the rule of *Rome,*
To one mans hand is come,
Who gouernes without mate
Hir now united state,
Late iointlie rulde by three
Enuieng mutuallie,
Whose triple yoke much woe
On *Latines* necks did throwe:
I hope the cause of iarre,
And of this bloudie warre,
And deadlie discord gone
By what we last haue done:
Our banks shall cherish now
The branchie pale-hew'd bow
Of *Oliue, Pallas* praise,
In stede of barraine bayes.
And that his temple dore,
Which bloudie *Mars* before
Held open, now at last
Olde *Ianus* shall make fast:
And rust the sword consume,
And spoild of wauing plume,
The useles morion shall
On crooke hang by the wall.
At least if warre returne
It shall not here soiourne,
To kill us with those armes
Were forg'd for others harmes:
But haue their pointes addrest
Against the *Germains* brest,
The *Parthians* fayned flight,
The *Biscaines* martiall might.
Olde Memorie doth there

1744 *De la laine Canusienne.*

Painted on forhead weare
Our Fathers praise: thence torne
Our triumphes baies haue worne:
Therby our matchles *Rome*
Whilome of Shepeheards come
Rais'd to this greatnes stands,
The Queene of forraine lands.
Which now euen seemes to face
The heau'ns, her glories place:
Nought resting vnder Skies
That dares affront her eies.
So that she needes but feare
The weapons *Ioue* doth beare,
Who angrie at one blowe
May her quite ouerthrowe.

Act 5.

Cleopatra. Euphron. Children of Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras.

Cleop. O cruell Fortune! ô accursed lott!
O plaguy loue! ô most detested brand!
O wretched ioyes! ô beauties miserable!
O deadlie state! ô deadly roialtie!
O hatefull life! ô Queene most lamentable!
O *Antonie* by my fault buriable!
O hellish worke of heau'n! alas! the wrath
Of all the Gods at once on vs is falne.
Unhappie Queene! ô would I in this world
The wandring light of day had neuer sene!
Alas! of mine the plague and poison I
The crowne haue lost my ancestors me left,
This Realme I haue to straungers subiect made,
And robd my children of their heritage.

1799 ***buriable*** — almost an *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον*. Cp. **Murray**.

Yet this is nought (alas!) vnto the price
Of you deare husband, whome my snares entrap'd:
Of you, whom I haue plagu'd, whom I haue made
With bloudie hand a guest of mouldie Tombe:
Of you, whome I destroid, of you, deare Lord,
Whome I of Empire, honor, life haue spoil'd.
O hurtfull woman! and can I yet liue,
Yet longer liue in this Ghost-haunted tombe?
Can I yet breathe! can yet in such annoy,
Yet can my Soule within this bodie dwell?
O Sisters you that spinne the thredes of death!
O *Styx!* ô *Phlegethon!* you brookes of hell!
O Impes of *Night!* *Euph.* Liue for your childrens sake:
Let not your death of kingdome them depriue.
Alas what shall they do? who will haue care?
Who will preserue this royall race of yours?
Who pittie take? euen now me seemes I see
These little soules to seruile bondage falne,
And borne in triumph. *Cl.* Ah most miserable!
Euph. Their tender armes with cursed corde fast bound
At their weake backs. *Cl.* Ah Gods what pittie more!
Eph. Their seelie necks to ground with weaknesse bend.
Cl. Neuer on vs, good Gods, such mischiefe sende.
Euph. And pointed at with fingers as they go.
Cl. Rather a thousand deaths. *Euph.* Lastly his knife
Some cruell caytiue in their bloud embrue.
Cl. Ah my heart breaks. By shadie bankes of hell,
By fieldes wheron the lonely Ghosts do treade,
By my soule, and the soule of *Antonie*
I you beseche, *Euphron,* of them haue care.
Be their good Father, let your wisedome lett
That they fall not into this Tyrants handes.
Rather conduct them where their freezed locks

1823 *Qui vous conseruera, royale geniture?*
1829 *seelie* — translation of *pauure.* Cp. l. 1465 above.
1838 *lett* — from O. E. lettan — hinder, prevent: Cp. Hamlet. 4, 85, "Ill make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

Black *Aethiopes* to neighbour Sunne do shewe;
On wauie *Ocean* at the waters will;
On barraine cliffes of snowie *Caucasus*;
To Tigers swift, to Lions, and to Beares:
And rather, rather vnto euery coaste,
To eu'rie land and sea: for nought I feare
As rage of him, whose thirst no bloud can quench.
Adieu deare children, children deare adieu:
Good *Isis* you to place of safetie guide,
Farre from our foes, where you your liues may leade
In free estate deuoid of seruile dread.
Remember not, my children, you were borne
Of such a Princelie race: remember not
So manie braue Kings which haue Egipt rul'de,
In right descent your ancestors haue bene:
That this great *Antonie* your Father was,
Hercules bloud, and more then he in praise.
For your high courage such remembrance will,
Seing your fall, with burning rages fill.
Who knowes if that your hands false *Destinie*
The Scepters promis'd of imperiouse *Rome*,
Instede of them shall crooked shepehookes beare,
Needles, or forkes, or guide the carte, or plough?
Ah learne t'endure: your birth and high estate
Forget, my babes, and bend to force of fate.
Farwell, my babes, farwell, my hart is clos'de
With pitie and paine, my self with death enclos'de,
My breath doth faile. Farwell for euermore,
Your Sire and me you shall see neuer more.
Farwell swete care, farwell. *Chil.* Madame Adieu.
Cl. Ah this voice killes me. Ah good Gods! I swounde.
I can no more, I die. *Eras.* Madame, alas!
And will you yeld to woe? Ah speake to vs.
Eup. Come children. *Chil.* We come. *Eup.* Follow
we our chaunce.
The Gods shall guide vs. *Char.* O too cruell lott!

O too hard chaunce! Sister what shall we do,
What shall we do, alas! if murthring darte
Of death arriue while that in slumbring swound
Half dead she lie with anguish ouergone?
Er. Her face is frozen. *Ch.* Madame for Gods loue
Leaue vs not thus: bidd vs yet first farwell.
Alas! wepe ouer *Antonie*: let not
His bodie be without due rites entomb'de.
Cl. Ah, ah. *Char.* Madame. *Cle.* Ay me! *Er.* How fainte
she is?
Cl. My Sisters, holde me vp. How wretched I,
How cursed am! and was ther euer one
By Fortunes hate into more dolours throwne?
Ah, weeping *Niobe*, although thy hart
Beholdes it selfe enwrap'd in causefull woe
For thy dead children, that a sencelesse rocke
With griefe become, on *Sipylus* thou stand'st
In endles teares: yet didst thou neuer feele
The weights of griefe that on my heart do lie.
Thy Children thou, mine I, poore soule, haue lost.
And lost their Father, more then them I waile,
Lost this faire realme; yet me the heauens wrathe
Into a Stone not yet transformed hath.
Phaetons sisters, daughters of the Sunne,
Which waile your brother falne into the streames
Of stately *Po*: the Gods vpon the bankes
Your bodies to banke-louing Alders turn'd.
For me, I sigh, I ceasles wepe, and waile,
And heauen pittiles laughes at my woe,
Reuiues, renewes it still: and in the ende
(Oh crueltie!) doth death for comfort lende.
Die *Cleopatra* then, no longer stay
From *Antonie*, who thee at *Styx* attends:
Goe ioine thy Ghost with his, and sobbe no more
Without his loue within these tombes enclos'd.
Eras. Alas! Yet let vs wepe, lest sodaine death

From him our teares, and those last duties take
Unto his tombe we owe. *Ch.* Ah let vs wepe
While moisture lasts, then die before his feete.
Cl. Who furnish will mine eies with streaming teares
My boiling anguish worthilie to waile,
Waile thee *Antonie*, *Antonie* my heart?
Alas, how much I weeping liquor want!
Yet haue mine eies quite drawne their Conduits drie
By long beweeping my disastred harmes.
Now reason is that from my side they sucke
First vitall moisture, then the vitall bloud.
Then let the bloud from my sad eies out flowe,
And smoking yet with thine in mixture growe,
Moist it, and heate it newe, and neuer stopp,
All watring thee, while yet remaines one dropp.
Cha. Antonie take our teares: this is the last
Of all the duties we to thee can yelde,
Before we die. *Er.* These sacred obsequies
Take *Antony*, and take them in good parte.
Cl. O Goddesse thou whom *Cyprus* doth adore.
Venus of *Paphos*, bent to worke vs harme
For old *Iulus* broode, if thou take care
Of *Caesar*, why of vs takst thou no care?
Antonie did descend, as well as he,
From thine owne Sonne by long enchained line:
And might haue rul'd by one and self same fate,
True *Troian* bloud, the statelie *Romain* state.
Antonie, poore *Antonie*, my deare soule,
Now but a blocke, the bootie of a tombe,
Thy life, thy heate is lost, thy coullor gone,
And hideous palenes on thy face hath seaz'd.
Thy eies, two Sunnes, the lodging place of loue,
Which yet for tents to warlike *Mars* did serue,
Lock'd vp in lidds (as faire daies cherefull light

1934 sq. *Antoine . . . estoit venu d'Enee.*

Which darknesse flies) do winking hide in night.
Antonie by our true loues I thee beseche,
And by our hearts swete sparks haue sett on fire,
Our holy mariage, and the tender ruthe
Of our deare babes, knot of our amitie:
My dolefull voice thy eare let entertaine,
And take me with thee to the hellish plaine.
Thy wife, thy frend: heare *Antonie*, ô heare
My sobbing sighes, if here thou be, or there.
Liued thus long, the winged race of yeares
Ended I haue as *Destinie* decreed,
Flourish'd and raign'd, and taken iust reuenge
Of him who me both hated and despisde.
Happie, alas too happie! if of *Rome*
Only the fleete had hither neuer come.
And now of me an Image great shall goe
Under the earth to bury there my woe.
What say I? where am I? ô *Cleopatra*,
Poore *Cleopatra*, griefe thy reason reaues.
No, no, most happie in this happles case,
To die with thee, and dieng thee embrace:
My bodie ioynde with thine, my mouth with thine,
My mouth, whose moisture burning sighes haue dried:
To be in one selfe tombe, and one selfe chest,
And wrapt with thee in one selfe sheete to rest.
The sharpest torment in my heart I feele
Is that I staie from thee, my heart, this while.
Die will I straight now, now streight will I die,
And streight with thee a wandring shade will be,
Under the *Cypres* trees thou haunt'st alone,
Where brookes of hell do falling seeme to mone.
But yet I stay, and yet thee ouerliue,
That ere I die due rites I may thee giue.
A thousand sobbes I from my brest will teare,

1957 De mon frere ennemy, qui m'auoit à mepris.
1975 *Au lamentable bruit des eaux Acherontees.*

With thousand plaints thy funeralles adorne:
My haire shall serue for thy oblations,
My boiling teares for thy effusions,
Mine eies thy fire: for out of them the flame
(Which burnt thy heart on me enamour'd) came.
Wepe my companions, wepe, and from your eies
Raine downe on him of teares a brinish streame.
Mine can no more, consumed by the coales
Which from my breast, as from a furnace, rise.
Martir your breasts with multiplied blowes,
With violent hands teare of your hanging haire.
Outrage your face: alas! why should we seeke
(Since now we die) our beauties more to kepe?
I spent in teares, not able more to spende,
But kisse him now, what rests me more to doe?
Then lett me kisse you, you faire eies, my light.
Front seate of honor, face most fierce, most faire!
O neck, ô armes, ô hands, ô breast where death
(Oh mischief) comes to choake vp vitall breath.
A thousand kisses, thousand thousand more
Let you my mouth for honors farewell giue:
That in this office weake my limmés may growe,
Fainting on you, and fourth my soule may flowe.

At Ramsburie. 26. of Nouember.
1590.

WORD-LIST.

after-liuers posterity 623.
attaint to touch, strike 1116.
azur'd azure 1387.
beamy, beamie radiant 407. 715.
besot to make a sot of 113.
betide, ill-betide unfortunate 956.
bowle sphere, ball 983.
branchie full of branches 1759.
brinish salt, saltish 1985.
buriable = French *sepulturable* 1799.
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disbrain to knock out some one's brains 1410.
eager keen, biting 259.
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empt to empty 338.
engrain to dye red 714; *engrained* = *rougissante* 241.
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ulcer, vb., to ulcerate 284.
unbroaded unbraided 302.
unkempt uncombed 1638.
warp to weave 300.
wood, adj., furious, raging 1304.

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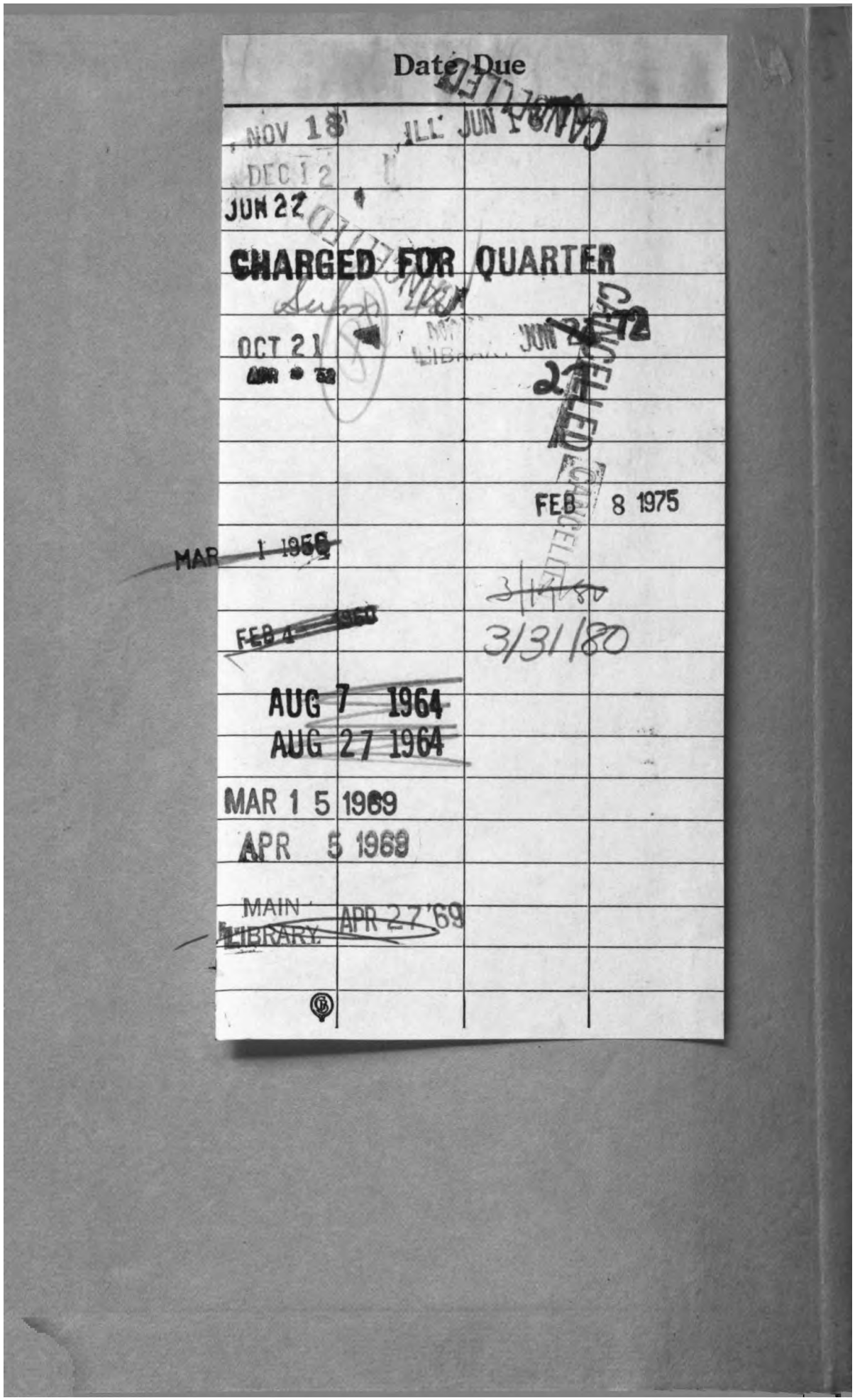
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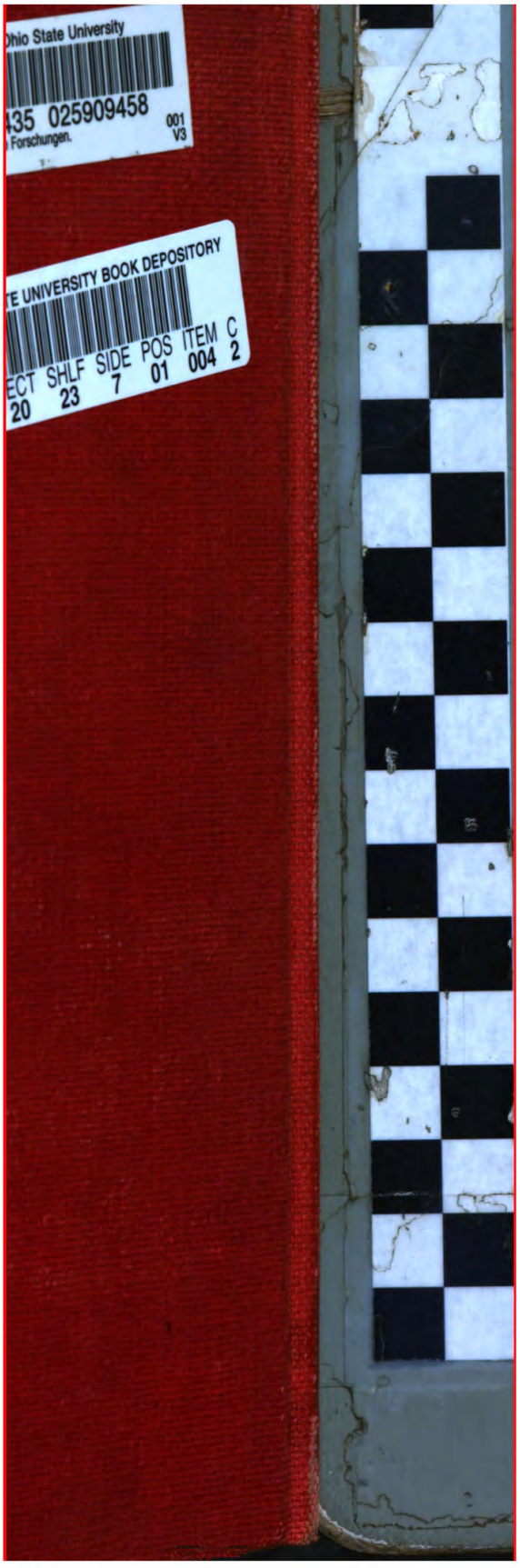
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